

Brown of Harvard

BY

RIDA JOHNSON YOUNG

P S

3547

055B6

1909



FRENCH'S STANDARD LIBRARY EDITION

SAMUEL FRENCH, 24 West 22d Street, New York



Class PS 3547

Book .O55B6

Copyright N^o 1909

COPYRIGHT DEPOSIT.

BROWN OF HARVARD

A Play in Four Acts

BY
RIDA JOHNSON YOUNG

COPYRIGHT, 1909, BY WALTER C. JORDAN

CAUTION.—All persons are hereby warned that "Brown of Harvard" being fully protected under the copyright laws of the United States, is subject to royalty, and anyone presenting the play without the consent of the owner or his agent, will be liable to the penalties by law provided. Application for stage rights must be made to Walter C. Jordan, 1430 Broadway, New York City, who is the sole owner of all rights to the same.

All Rights Reserved

NEW YORK
SAMUEL FRENCH
PUBLISHER
26 WEST 22D STREET

LONDON
SAMUEL FRENCH, LTD.
26 SOUTHAMPTON STREET,
STRAND

BROWN OF HARVARD.

Characters.

TOM BROWN.

GERALD THORNE. Stroke oar of the 'Varsity Eight.

WILFRED KENYON, Who is not his own master.

CLAXTON MADDEN,

JOHN CARTWRIGHT,

"TUBBY" ANDERSON,

"HAPPY" THURSTON,

WALTER BARNARD,

WARREN PIERCE,

THOMPSON COYNE,

"BUD" HALL, 'Varsity coach.

VICTOR COLTON. Who wants the English crew to defeat his
Alma Mater.

CODRINGTON, Manager of the English crew.

ELLIS, Manager of the "Varsity crew.

CAPTAIN HODGES,

GEORGE SELWYN,

JAMES VAN RENSELAER,

ARTHUR BLAKE.

AUSTIN LATCHOW.

OLD-CLOTHES MAN.

DOORKEEPER. O'Hara

MRS. KENYON.

EVELYN KENYON.

MARIAN THORNE.

EDITH SINCLAIR.

Students with properly developed
college spirit.

Members of the 'Varsity crew.

PLACE :—Cambridge, Mass.

Synopsis.

ACT I.—Tom Brown and Claxton Madden's apartments in
the Weatherby.

ACT II.—The Yard at Harvard.

ACT III.—The 'Varsity Boat Club on day of the race.

ACT IV.—Same as Act I.

BROWN OF HARVARD.

ACT I.

PLACE:—Cambridge, Mass.

SCENE:—TOM BROWN and CLAXTON MADDEN'S apartments in the Weatherby, a student's room. A large room with doors R. and L. of C. Door at side L., leading into bedrooms. Door at back R. of C., leading into corridor. Large window at R. with cushioned window-seat. The room is gotten up in true college style, with banners, posters, photographs, odd sofa pillows, etc. A study table at L. side of room.

At rise of curtain, MADDEN is discovered sitting at study table from which he has pushed books, papers and writing material on to the floor. He is lying so that his head and book come immediately under the drop light. An unfilled pipe is hanging in the corner of his mouth. The curtains drawn close and the lights are down. As curtain rises, boys are heard in the distance singing, "Up the Street." It dies away.

MADDEN. (suddenly sits up, throws his book across the room) Confound it! There's no use to try to study. I can smell the Spring! The air's full of it! (knock at door R. c.) Come in.

(Enter GERALD THORNE and JOHN CARTWRIGHT. THORNE is a tall, ungainly Southerner, rather poorly dressed; strong, stern face. CARTWRIGHT is of the studious type, pale, stooped, wears glasses. He is secretary of the Lend-a-Hand Club for aiding poor students.)

CART. Hello, Madden.

MADDEN. Hello, Cartwright!

CART. What are you all shut up for?

MADDEN. (*dismally*) Can't bear to see the sunlight, and think of all the fellows out there on the river, while I've got to stay here and grind. It wouldn't be so bad if I could smoke.

CART. (*crossing to window*) Oh, nonsense! Let the sunlight in. You'll feel all the better for it. (*pulls back curtains*)

(*Stage lights full up.*)

MADDEN. (L. C.) Oh, I say! You've got a nerve! Where do you think you are? (*goes c., sees THORNE*)

CART. (R.) Madden, this is Thorne, Gerald Thorne. Fellow of your class; I think he can do all the coaching you need in astronomy.

(*THORNE extends his hand. MADDEN snubs him.*)

MADDEN. (*to THORNE*) How are you? (*crosses to desk, takes lamp, puts it on mantel*)

CART. Well, so long! (*to THORNE*) Wish you joy, old man, with your brilliant pupil.

MADDEN. (L.) Oh, get out! (*CART. exits R. C. Turns from mantel*) Well, sit down. (*THORNE looks embarrassed and ill at ease. Crosses to R. of desk. MADDEN looking at him with disfavor*) Huh! (*throws himself impatiently into chair L. of desk. THORNE takes out a note-book and fountain pen. Short silence*) Well, fire away. (*sits L. of desk*)

THORNE. (*embarrassed. Stands R. of desk*) I—a—may I ask how far you have gone in this year's work? (*puts bag on seat, takes out book*)

MADDEN. (*blankly*) Gone?

THORNE. Yes. What was the last lecture you attended? (*leans over table*)

MADDEN. You can search me!

THORNE. Don't you remember when it was you last attended a lecture?

MADDEN. No, I don't. See here, old man, just cut out the inquisition, (THORNE *draws back*) please, and let's get down to business. If I had the faintest idea about these Agols and Sagittarius and all that rot, don't you suppose I'd be out imbibing the atmosphere, instead of sitting here chinning with you? (THORNE *looks hurt*) This is the first of April, all right, but I'm not playing any jokes upon myself.

THORNE. Mr. Madden! I——

MADDEN. Ah, (*rises*) sit down. No offense, old man. (THORNE *sits, puts hat and bag beside desk*) This thing has got on my nerves. If I'd known there was so much mathematics in Astronomy I'd never have taken it up. I thought it was a cinch—a sort of fortune-telling business, you know. “Born under the planet Mars, you will have a big head and a war-like disposition,” and all that. I never dreamed what I was going up against. But come on—let's get to work. It's got to be done. (*assumes attitude of strict attention*)

THORNE. (*reaches, takes book out of bag*) Well, I presume we'd best begin with the first lecture of this half year, regarding binary stars.

MADDEN. I suppose so.

THORNE. In the first place——

MADDEN. (*rises*) Wait a minute. (*quickly*) I'd better get a pencil, I can see that. (*goes and gets pencil on mantel, returns and sits*) Ah, now we are ready. Fire away and get a move on you, old man.

THORNE. Well, following the mathematical investigations of Professor George Seannell, it is found that binary stars will tend to separate. Inertia will cause the tidal protuberances to lag behind so that the axis of the Ellipodal——

MADDEN. Hold on! (THORNE *lowers book with intense astonishment*) Now look here, old man; really, seriously, I don't care to know anything deep

about the subject; *deep*, you understand. My idea is just to get few handy catch-words that'll make a good show on the paper, see?

THORNE. (*puzzled*) "Catch-words?"

MADDEN. Yes.

(*Whistle heard from street, R.*)

THORNE. I don't understand.

MADDEN. (*rising*) Excuse me. (*whistles, crossing to window at R.*) Wait a moment.

THURS. (*from street*) Hello, Clax!

MADDEN. Hello, "Happy!"

THURS. Come on out.

MADDEN. Can't. Got a "grind" up here stuffing me in Astronomy.

THURS. Is he any good?

MADDEN. Oh, pretty good. Kind of long-winded, though.

(THORNE *showing his anger and mortification, crossing to L.*)

THURS. Well, so long! Sorry you can't come out.

MADDEN. So long! (*turns from window, rushes back, thrusts his head out*) Say, Thurston!

THURS. Hello!

MADDEN. Say, what sort of time did you make up the river to-day?

THURS. Fine. 7-32.

MADDEN. Good! Twenty-five seconds gain over yesterday! We'll do those Beef-eaters to a turn. So long! (*turns back into room*) Now look here, Mr. What's-yer-name, you've got to get a move on you. (*crosses to chair R. of table*) I can't waste my time like this. (*sits R. of desk*)

THORNE. (*L. of desk, confused*) Well, suppose I give you a sort of—er—table of the different binary stars, with a few words of description after each?

MADDEN. That sounds all right. Go ahead.

THORNE. Well——

MADDEN. Wait a minute. I've lost my pencil. Ah, here it is.

THORNE. Well, in the first place—(*song: "John Brown"*) we have—Sirius—Magnitudes of components 1 & 9, period of revolution 49 years. The proper motion of this star is subject to periodical variations and in investigating these variations, it was found they could be completely represented by supposing a satellite was revolving around the planet in a certain orbit. The elements of this orbit have been determined, except the distance of the satellite which did not admit of specification. Then we have Ursus Major——

(*At cue: "in the first place," singing is heard off R.*)

(SONG:)

"Tom Brown's body is alive and feeling good,
Tom Brown's body here's fact that's understood,
Tom Brown's body has a head that's made of wood,
As we go marching on."

(*As THORNE continues reading, singing comes nearer MADDEN tries to write, his mind is distracted. He stops, again tries to write, smiles, takes ruler and marks time. At the end of the second verse the knocker is sounded on the door. with the last four words. The door is opened and TOM BROWN enters, followed by HAPPY THURSTON, TUBBY ANDERSON, COYNE PIERCE and ELLIS. They enter in lock-step. TOM to C., ELLIS to L. C., TUBBY up C., THURS. R. C., PIERCE and COYNE at R. As they enter, MADDEN rises and turns to TOM.*)

MADDEN. Oh, say! Boys, get out of here. Can't you see I'm working?

TOM and BOYS. Working! My Lord, he's working!

(TOM falls on TUBBY who sits on couch. THURS. and ELLIS on couch also. PIERCE falls in Morris chair, and COYNE in chair at R. The fall is made in mock astonishment and as they fall, MADDEN crosses to window at R., takes pillow and throws at boys.)

MADDEN. (crossing to R.) Well, of all the bally idiot!

(REYNOLDS enters from TOM'S room L. C. MADDEN throws pillows at TOM, and boys take pillows in turn, indulging in pillow fight. THURS., throwing at one of the boys, hits REYNOLDS instead. Yell from REYNOLDS.)

TOM. Here, boys, stop it! This isn't Port Arthur. Here, Reynolds, pick up the—down— (pointing to pillows)

(REYNOLDS gathers up pillows, places them properly and Exits R.)

BOYS. Oh, pick up the down. (groan and pound TOM)

TOM. Nixey. Stop it!

MADDEN. (crossing to L. of desk) Oh, say, now fellows, on the level, I've got to get to work. Clear out, won't you? (sits in chair L. of desk)

TOM. (C.) Well, if you really have to work, there's no use telling you what we came to tell you. Is there, boys?

BOYS. No.

MADDEN. (springing up from chair) What news? Anything the matter with the crew?

TOM. (C.) Oh, no, the crew's all right. But say, fellows, isn't it a shame he's got to work, and such a bully day, too? Say, Clax, couldn't you shut yourself up in your room and leave this to me? I'm expecting some ladies to tea.

MADDEN. (L. C.) You don't mean to say you've

invited a bunch of dry-goods here when you knew I didn't want to be disturbed? (*sits*)

TOM. Well, I happened to meet a friend of yours on Brattle street and she looked thirsty, so I thought I would treat her.

MADDEN. Who?

TOM. Edith.

MADDEN. (*rising*) Edith—why didn't you say so? Which way did she go?

TOM. I don't know. Which way did she go, Thurston?

MADDEN. (*crossing to THURS. R.*) Which way did she go, Happy?

THURS. (*crossing to TUBBY C.*) I don't know. Tubby, which way did she go?

MADDEN. (*crossing to TUBBY*) Tubby, which way did she go?

TUBBY. Who? (MADDEN *punches him, turns and crossing to L.*) Oh, confound the whole gang of you. (*Exit into room L., leaving door open*)

TOM. (*following him*) You needn't be in such a rush. They won't be here for a good half hour yet. She's going to stop for Mrs. Kenyon and Evelyn. (*closing door and returning to C.*)

THURS. (R. C.) Say, Kid?

TOM. (C.) What?

THURS. Why didn't you ask Miss Walcott, too? Gee! She's a peach.

TOM. (at C.) Yes, but of the clinging variety.

TUBBY. (R. of C.) Say, Kid, can we take your benzine buggy for a half hour?

TOM. All right, I don't care. But bring it back safe.

BOYS. (*turn to Exit R. C.*) Good. Fine and dandy. Come along, fellows. Hello, Kenyon! Kenyon. Hello!

(KENYON *crosses to R. and Boys Exit, laughing and shouting until away off.*)

TOM. Hello, Kenyon. What's the matter with you? Have you been drinking again? What's up?

KENYON. (*observing THORNE*) Say, Kid, can I see you outside for a few minutes?

TOM. (c.) Outside? What do you want to see me outside for? (KENYON *indicates THORNE'S presence*) What? (*turns, sees THORNE*) Oh, waiting to see me?

THORNE. I was waiting to see Mr. Madden. My name's Thorne. (*crossing to c.*) I'm coaching him. Do you think he'll want me any more?

TOM. Oh, no! He won't want you any more. (*crosses to L. Sits at R. of desk, singing*)

(THORNE, *offended, crosses up to door at R. and as he is opening the door turns to look back at TOM, then Exits*)

(As TOM *hears door close, he turns to WILFRED.*)

TOM. Well, Wilfred, what's the matter with you? What's up?

KENYON. Kid, I'm in an awful hole. (*crossing to c.*)

TOM. That's about the tenth hole you've struck this year. You want to be careful how you walk.

KENYON. Oh, hang it, Kid! don't be so cold-blooded. I shouldn't have come to you if I hadn't known how fond you were of my mother and sister. Say, Kid, may I have a drink?

TOM. Certainly, help yourself. (KENYON *crosses to sideboard at L.*) But don't take too much or it will go to your head and you'll feel like the devil in the morning.

KENYON. Hang it, I'm desperate. You fellows with rich fathers don't know what it is——

TOM. Oh, the dickens we don't! You never heard my governor laying me out, did you? (*Opening drawer of desk and taking letter*) Just listen to this. Got a letter from him this morning. Gave

me the Dickens. "My dear Tom:—In answer to my question as to what you intend to do on leaving college, you say you will follow your literary bent and write for money. You ought to be very proficient in that, as you have done practically nothing else for the last four years." Did you ever meet him, Wilfred? He has the keenest sense of humor. "Twice you have overdrawn your account and if you do it again I'm going to take you out of college."

KENYON. Your account. That's just it. (*coming down to L. of desk*) I've never known what it was to have a penny I might call my own. Here we are, my mother, my sister and myself, one of the oldest and best families in Cambridge, living in an exclusive neighborhood—among the best people and always dogged by that horrible night-mare of keeping up appearances on my mother's paltry income. I tell you it's maddening, Tom. (*crosses to mantel*)

TOM. Yes, it must be rather hard—(*looking at WILFRED*) on the women.

KENYON. Kid, I know I'm a selfish brute, but you needn't be so hard on me. (*sits in chair L. of desk*)

TOM. Oh, I'm sorry, old man, really I'm sorry. I'll help you out all I can. Well, what is it? How much?

KENYON. It's everything. In the first place, money. I lost a hundred dollars to Ansen last month, and you know what a cad he is.

TOM. Oh, yes; he's the kind of fellow who never has but one cigarette in his case, and a pretty bad cigarette at that. (*looking in drawer for check-book*) Where in Hell's that check-book? Oh, I've got it, under all those bills. I couldn't see it. Well, how much? A hundred?

KENYON. Yes—he says he'll go to my mother. Oh, Kid, I know I owe you a lot already but if you'll just help me out this time——

TOM. That's all right. I just said I would, didn't

I? (KENYON rises and crosses up behind desk and to c.) Now you want to make this go just as far as you can. I'm rather short this month myself. Well, here it is. This is the first of April, but I guess this check is all right. (crosses to WILFRED, hands him check)

KENYON. (c. r.) Say, Tom——

TOM. What?

KENYON. There's another matter that's almost driving me mad. I wouldn't tell anyone but you.

TOM. Well, go on, tell it. I don't care a damn.

KENYON. Do you remember that pretty girl, Marian Thorne?

TOM. Marian Thorne? Yes—in a vague way.

KENYON. Well she——

MADDEN. (from his room) Say, Kid, what do you put on your face after shaving?

TOM. Court plaster, generally. (turning to KENYON) Well, you——

MADDEN. Ah, don't be funny! Have you got any Pond's Extract?

TOM. Yes, I guess so. My Lord! he's cut himself. (To KENYON) Wait a moment till I get him some Pond's Extract. (crosses up to door l. c. and Exits)

(KENYON at c., looks at check-book on desk, then to check in his hand.)

KENYON. What's a loan of a hundred to a fellow like Brown? (crosses to desk, takes up book) To me it is only a drop in the bucket. (is about to tear out check, when he hears TOM returning)

(TOM Enters with a bottle in his hand and crosses to MADDEN'S room and Exits.)

(KENYON takes book and tears out a couple of checks, hears TOM returning and drops book on table and crosses to c., checks in his pocket.)

(TOM *Enters and crosses down to* KENYON L. C.)

TOM. Well, go on. Say, what's the matter with you? You're trembling all over. Say, why don't you cut this lushing out?

KENYON. I haven't had but one drink to-day.

TOM. Well, you don't seem to be bubbling over with spirits. (*crossing to desk*)

(KENYON *alarmed, goes up to door.*)

KENYON. I must go now, Colton's waiting for me. Good-bye.

TOM. Good-bye. (*noting check-book on table*) Oh, Wilfred, say, did you—that's funny. (KENYON *turns as TOM calls him, and stands by door*) Wilfred, why don't you put that fellow out? I don't like to knock a man, but there wasn't a man in his class would have anything to do with him when he was in college. He—but what's the use in repeating what he was,—you know what he is; I tell you he's simply a shark, hanging about and looking for fool "freshies" who want to gamble and drink themselves into disgrace.

KENYON. Like me! Oh, say it! (*crossing to c.*) When a man's down—But Colton's stood by me many times when I was down on my luck, and other fellows wouldn't. Oh, I know I've no right to talk to you this way, but I'm fearfully down to-day. Everything has gone wrong with me. Everything.

(*Door opens R. C., CART. Enters.*)

CART. Hello, Tom. (KENYON *turns to door*) Hello, Kenyon.

KENYON. Hello. (*Exits*)

(CART. *looks after him, then to TOM in wonderment, then turns and picks up letters which have just dropped from box in door R. C., hands them to TOM.*)

TOM. What do you think of that? He's drinking again and I don't know what to do with him, and— Oh, don't bother about that—(as CART. hands him letters) Thank you.

CART. Say, Tom, there's another matter I want to see you about——

(MADDEN Enters from room at L.)

MADDEN. (crossing to C. and CART. crossing to R.) Say, Kid, how do I look?

TOM. Great! Rumbo! (MADDEN crosses L. to mantel) Here are some bills for you. (reading) Oh, Harvard has won the debate.

MADDEN. Say, Tom, I'm going to get the girls.

TOM. Well, you'll make them sit up and look anxious.

MADDEN. I wish I'd worn my sweater.

TOM. Pretty hot for a sweater.

MADDEN. You know I look pretty good in my sweater, don't you think so?

TOM. Well, it's all right if you are pleased with yourself.

MADDEN. (crossing to desk) Say, Tom, is Evelyn Kenyon coming?

TOM. Is Evelyn Kenyon coming! Well, what do you think I'm giving this tea-party for?

MADDEN. (punching him playfully) Say, Tom, you've got it bad!

(CART. R., brings chair to C. Sits.)

TOM. (punching back) Oh, get out! You've got it worse than I have.

CART. Wait a moment, boys. As Secretary for the Lend-a-Hand Club——

(TOM and MADDEN throw up their hands and fall back into chair. TOM R. of desk and MADDEN L.)

MADDEN and TOM. Stung! How much?

CART. (takes no notice of their actions) (TOM

begins to whistle and read book) (MADDEN *later rises and sits on desk* L. C.) I came across a case of actual starvation the other day. Poor fellow from the South; parents, ignorant mountain people in Tennessee. He was full of ambition—got a common school education, somehow—taught a country school—educated his own sister and when the old folks died, sold out the little place for a few hundred and, with his sister, came up here to work his way through Harvard.

MADDEN. Well, why didn't he stay home and work the farm? I'm tired of having my leg pulled for ambitious backwoodsmen who come here with fifty cents and a writing-pad and expect to get through college on them.

CART. Oh, now, wait a moment.

MADDEN. Oh, chestnuts!

TOM. Oh, shut up and give him a chance.

CART. He gave her most of the money left of their joint inheritance which enables her to live in a good boarding-house, and took himself to a garret in De Wolfe street. There I found him the other day, in a positively starving condition. He had lived for three days on oatmeal and water.

TOM. Oatmeal and water? For three days? My Lord!

CART. He was mighty stand-offish at first, but I got around him and fed him up and got him some work to do. (*rising*) Oh, he's that fellow, Thorne, who was here to tutor you to-day. By the way, I hope you paid him.

MADDEN. No, I didn't.

TOM. Why didn't you? I'd given you the money.

MADDEN. Well, to tell you the truth, I forgot all about him. (*crossing up and around desk to door* R. C. *To door and opening it*) (CART. *up to C. L. of MADDEN*) Oh, hang it, I can't remember all these things. I've got too much on my mind. Say, you

can put me down for twenty dollars, and that's all I'll give. See? (*Exits, closing door*)

CART. Thank you. (*entering it in book and turning to TOM*)

TOM. Two P's in opportune? (*laboring with book at desk*)

CART. Well?

TOM. Two P's—(*turning to CART.*) Oatmeal and water for three days! He ought to get a medal.

CART. (C.) I presume you don't feel inclined to imitate Madden's example this time, eh?

TOM. No, I can't say I do.

CART. Oh, very well, there is no reason why you should if you don't feel so inclined. Good-bye.

TOM. Good-bye—Oh, Cartwright, Cartwright!

CART. Yes. Oh, want a match?

TOM. No, thanks; this is electricity and it's matchless. (*dodging imaginary missile*)

CART. Oh, that ought to cost you about forty. (*closes door and comes down L. of C.*)

TOM. Well, it won't. As I was about to say, I don't feel like imitating Madden's example because I don't see what good a few scattered donations like that are going to do for a fellow, if he's the kind of fellow you say. By Jingo, there must be something pretty decent in a fellow like that, to take care of his sister and live three days in a garret on oatmeal and water. Now I'll tell you what you can do. (*putting hands in pockets for money*) You put him down for a weekly allowance, whatever you think he can get along on, and charge it to me. (*hands money to CART.*)

CART. By George! that's great of you, Brown.

TOM. Oh, now, cut it out. The truth of the matter is, that fellow Thorne was here a while ago, and I dismissed him rather brusquely and I'm sorry. I'm easing my conscience, that's all.

CART. Well, Thorne will be eternally grateful to

you, and he'll pay you back, too; he's that sort of a fellow.

TOM. Now look here. I only do this on condition, and that is that you say nothing about it to Thorne or anyone else, for that matter, you promise?

CART. I promise.

TOM. You see I don't want the reputation of being an Andrew Carnegie.

CART. Well, it's a blamed fine thing you're doing, all the same. (*crossing to door R.*) Good-bye. (*Exits*)

TOM. Good-bye. (*calling after him*) Next time you come you needn't try to touch me, either. (*taking photograph from mantel*) Is Evelyn Kenyon coming? You bet she's coming. What's her favorite color? Brown? Tom Brown. No, I think it's white. White for purity. Me for purity. (*goes up to door L. C. and into his own room to change his ties, and beginning to sing*)

(*Knock at door R.*)

Come in! Come in!

(*No answer.*)

I don't give a darn. Stay out then.

(*Knock again at the door.*)

Oh, come in! Come in! (*goes on singing*)

(*Door opens and MARIAN THORNE enters, standing R. of door.*)

"A what"—(*comes out of room, puts on coat, etc.*)

MARIAN. Mr. Brown, I know you think it's strange, my coming here alone, but I was told—is Mr. Kenyon here?

TOM. No. He was here, but has just gone out. Won't you come in?

(*She crossing L. to desk, closing door which TOM quickly opens, unperceived.*)

MARIAN. (L. C.) I suppose I shouldn't. I know it's not proper to come to a student's room alone.

TOM. (L. C.) Oh, that's all right. Don't trouble yourself about it. Won't you please sit down?

MARIAN. There's something I want to ask you, a favor.

TOM. A favor?

MARIAN. You are the only one in the college who still stands by Wilfred—er—Mr. Kenyon. I presume you do it for his sister's sake, but believe me, he isn't really bad. He is only weak. He's been led into doing things he shouldn't have done. I haven't seen him for days. He hasn't answered my letters. If I could only see him and talk to him, my influence with him has always been good, and no matter what he is, or what he has done, I can never give him up.

TOM. Do you think he is really worth it, Miss Thorne.

MARIAN. I know he is. It is the drink that has done it, and the cards.

TOM. Drink and cards. Yes, both bad things for a young man. Father told me about them the night before I came to college, but I fell asleep and it didn't do much good.

MARIAN. Mr. Brown, I want you to tell him that I will wait every afternoon in the same place; he knows where. I want you to ask him to meet me there.

TOM. Really, Miss Thorne, if you will pardon me, I don't think you should do that; it isn't proper.

MARIAN. I know I shouldn't, but I must. He needs my help. Oh, I have counted so on your assistance, please don't disappoint me.

TOM. Well, I'll do everything I can, but I don't approve of it at all—meeting a young man like that. Besides, people might talk and that will make you very uncomfortable.

MARIAN. Find him, find him and send him to me.
(beginning to cry) Oh, I'm so miserable! *(turns to desk, weeping, and sits in chair R. of desk, her head bowed)*

TOM. My Lord, she's going to cry! Please, Miss Thorne, please don't cry. *(crosses up and closes door R. coming down again)* Miss Thorne, if you keep perfectly calm and tell me just what I can do—
(voices and laughter heard off R. and EVELYN knocks at door.—MARIAN rises, looks around bewildered, and then dashes into TOM'S room L. C.) My Lord! Evelyn! What am I going to do now? *(turns and sees MARIAN going into his room, he follows and as she closes door, he tries to open it. EVELYN knocking at door)* Miss Thorne, Miss Thorne, please don't go in there. Open the door. Please come out. Wait a moment, wait a moment. *(to EVE. knocking)* If she comes out I'm ruined. *(crosses down to desk, distractedly brushing his hair and fumbling with books on desk)* EVE. *(knocking)* *(TOM sits R. at desk)* Yes, yes, come in, come in.

(Door opens, EVE. Enters.)

EVE. Hello, Tom.

TOM. *(rises)* Hello, Evey.

EVE. I beat the crowd upstairs.

TOM. Yes? I'm sorry.

EVE. *(starting back)* Sorry!

TOM. *(confused)* No, no. I'm glad. I mean I'm glad.

EVE. Why, what's the matter with you?

TOM. Oh—er—nothing, I've just got the fidgets, that's all.

EVE. Didn't you expect us?

TOM. No.

EVE. What?

TOM. Yes, yes I did. I was sitting there waiting for you.

EVE. Why, Tom Brown!

TOM. Evey, I can easily explain.

(Enters THURS. R. and coming down to R. C.)

EVE. *(crossing to THURS.)* You needn't trouble yourself. Oh, Mr. Thurston.

(Enter MRS. KENYON, followed by EDITH SINCLAIR, MADDEN, PIERCE, BARNARD, COYNE and two or three other boys, and TUBBY last.)

(EVE. and THURS. crossing to piano R. EVE. sits at piano.) THURS. *stands beside her.*

MRS. K. *(coming down R. C.)* Evelyn, my dear, you are getting to be a worse romp every day! *(shakes hands with TOM at C., and turns up to EVE.)*

(MADDEN and EDITH stand a little above at R.)
(The other boys have crossed to L., placing their hats on mantel and under cupboard.)

(TOM turns to them.)

TOM. Get me a drink and take some of those things away.

(Boys arrange desk as MRS. K. comes R. C. to TOM.)

MRS. K. (R. C.) Well, Tom, here we are again for some of your delicious tea.

TOM. (C.) I'm very glad you remember it so well. Won't you sit down?

(MRS. K. crosses L. to desk as EDITH comes down to R. of TOM at C.)

EDITH. Hello, Tom. What's up? You're looking a bit fagged.

TOM. What? Oh, nothing. I'm all right, just a little vocal trouble, that's all.

(EDITH goes up C. to couch and sits. MADDEN sits L. EDITH and TUBBY at R.)

(TOM crosses to EVE. R., as MRS. K. crosses to C.)

MRS. K. Tom.

TOM. (c.) (*turning to MRS. K. at c.*) Yes, Mrs. Kenyon.

MRS. K. (c. l.) These girls are making me frivolous in my old age. I've come to feel quite lost if I don't get here for the regular Thursday drink-feast.

TOM. (*watching EVE. and THURS.*) Yes? What will you have?

MRS. K. What?

TOM. No, no, I didn't mean that. (*turns R. to EVE. and THURS.*)

MRS. K. Here, Tom, take my wrap.

TOM. (*taking wrap, watching EVE.*) Pretty warm for a wrap, isn't it? (*turns to EVE., then back to MRS. K., watching EVE. and putting wrap on MRS. K. Then he starts rolling wrap up into a ball, becoming more confused. He offers hairbrushes to MRS. K. then rolls them up into wrap*)

MRS. K. (c. l.) Tom, you seem a little confused.

TOM. (c.) Well, I failed in History 13 this morning, and perhaps I am a little confused.

MRS. K. Perhaps you didn't expect us so soon.

TOM. Well, I said three in my note, didn't I?

MRS. K. Well, shall we go away and come back again?

(MADDEN rises, comes down of MRS. K., l.)

TOM. No, indeed. I want you to stay for a long time. (*shaking hands, then turning to EVELYN and up stage, placing wrap on chair at R.*)

MADDEN. Oh, Mrs. Kenyon, you'll serve for us, will you not?

MRS. K. (*crossing to desk*) With pleasure, if you will clear these things away.

MADDEN. (*crossing to desk*) Come on, boys, get the tea things ready.

(Boys clear books from desk. PIERCE and COYNE up at cupboard, arrange the tea, water for which has

been boiling. The cups have been arranged on tray uncovered, and are brought down to desk.)

EVE. (*seated at piano R.*) Mr. Thurston, Edith and I watched your crew practice on the river to-day, and really, you know, I think rowing men are ever so much more attractive than any other class of athletes, honestly.

EDITH. (*up stage on couch*) Why Evey! Last year you simply wouldn't look at a man who didn't go in for football.

TOM. (*coming down to R. C.*) Oh, well, you see I hadn't gone in for rowing then.

EVE. You flatter yourself, Mr. Brown——

TOM. Well, I don't see anybody else throwing bouquets my way.

(THURS. *standing L. of EVE., offers her his boutonniere. TOM walks to offer his flower and THURS. blocks him, placing himself between TOM and EVE. TOM takes pin from coat and jabs it into THURS.'s leg.*)

MRS. K. (*at R. of desk*) Did you make the tea, Mr. Pierce?

PIERCE. Yes, Mrs. Kenyon, I did.

MRS. K. I'm glad of that because you are always careful to have the water properly boiled. (*after laughing from "Pin" has subsided*) Well, it's the duty of us all to be enthusiastic over the rowing men, now that the English Amateurs are coming over with their wholesale challenge to American colleges. We shouldn't be patriotic otherwise.

EDITH. Of course we'll beat them, won't we, Boys?

ELLIS. Oh, I don't know; they have never been beaten yet.

PIERCE. Yes, but Harvard has never had as good a crew as this year.

MADDEN. The English challenging each college to row on its own course is a point in our favor.

EDITH. Are they going to row some other college first?

MADDEN. No; Harvard first, then Penny, then Yale, I think.

TOM. Cornell, too.

EDITH. Yale has a ripping crew this year. So one of the boys writes me.

(Enter R. REYNOLDS with tray of cakes. TOM rises and directs him to place it on desk. TUBBY sees cakes and follows REYNOLDS over to desk, and stands behind MRS. KENYON. REYNOLDS places cake on desk, crosses round, up L. and across to R. Exits.)

THURS. You know, Miss Kenyon, I just managed to get 85 in Geometry.

TOM. *(coming down to c.)* Eighty-five? You did? Why, who sat next to you?

EVE. Why, Tom Brown!

TOM. Well, I mean it. He couldn't get through any other way.

(THURS. looks at TOM indignantly, then turns to MISS KENYON.)

THURS. Well, I'm going to work hard next year.

TOM. Aren't you coming back to college next year?

THURS. *(crossing to TOM)* The faculty seemed pleased with the work I did last half——

TOM. Yes, they're so pleased they are going to give you an encore on your Sophomore year.

THURS. *(sarcastically)* Say, Kid, you're just full of dry humor, aren't you?

TOM. Yes, the fact is it's so dry that I always have to pay for the drinks to get someone to listen to

MRS. K. *(turning in chair to c.)* Tea is served.

(EVE. rises and crosses to c.)

TOM. It's awfully good of you, Mrs. Kenyon.
(*turns to R. almost bumping into EVE.*)

(*She tosses her head and turns to THURS.*)

EVE. Come, Mr. Thurston, you shall be head waiter. (*crosses to L. of desk, followed by THURS. who laughs at TOM*)

TOM. (*to THURS. as he is crossing*) If you want to know it, you make me good and tired. (*TOM up to book-case at R.*)

EVE. (*passing plate of cake to TUBBY*) Here, Tubby, pass the cake.

(*TUBBY takes cake, looks around and then crosses to R. to piano; sits and eats the cake, ignoring the inquiring looks from boys.*)

EDITH. Oh, I say, Clax, why do you keep that horrid pipe in your mouth?

MADDEN. (*L. of her*) I forgot I had it. You see we are not allowed to smoke when in training, but the pipe has become such a habit with me——

EDITH. Pipes are beastly. I prefer cigarettes myself.

PIERCE. (*crossing to her, offering cigarette*) Won't you have one?

EDITH. Oh, drop it! You know jolly well I didn't mean that. They say cigarettes injure the brain. (*turning to TOM*) Do you think so, Tom?

TOM. (*with book at R. of book-shelves*) That's never been proven. You see, fellows with brains don't use them.

(*TOM down to L. of TUBBY. Boys laugh at PIERCE and he crosses L. to them. EDITH to desk for tea and then to TOM at R.*)

MRS. K. Mr. Madden.

MADDEN. (*rising and coming to C.*) (*TOM at R. to TUBBY, EDITH to L. of TOM. They converse.*)

TOM *with back to TUBBY*) Yes, Mrs. Kenyon.

MRS. K. Do you think my son will make one of the crew?

(Boys are amused and politely conceal their merriment behind their tea-cups. TUBBY chokes and TOM kicks him.)

MADDEN. Wilfred?

EVE. Oh, you needn't all smile. My brother rows just splendidly. He used to go awfully fast when he took me rowing on the river summer nights, and it was in a much heavier boat than those shells you use. I think it's a shame if they don't let Wilfred row.

MADDEN. Well, to tell the truth, I don't believe Wilfred would stand for the training. Besides, he isn't in condition. He hasn't been down to the Club for months.

MRS. K. Poor boy! I'm afraid he's studying too hard. *(Boys repeat BUS. as before, and TOM again kicks TUBBY, who has audibly choked)* There's something curiously changed about Wilfred. Don't you think so, Evey?

EVE. Yes, he seems so tired all the time, poor dear! You see he goes over to Boston every night to study with a friend over there. They take late lunches and in the morning he simply can't eat a bit of breakfast.

(BUS. repeated of boys laughing, TOM kicking TUBBY, covering his action by talking to EDITH.)

EDITH. Oh, you needn't look so innocent. I'm on.

MRS. K. Indeed, I'm quite worried about him. *(turning to TOM)* Oh, Tom.

TOM. *(crossing to c. passing MADDEN)* Yes, Mrs. Kenyon.

(MADDEN goes to EDITH R. C.)

MRS. K. Tom, I am going to scold you a little.

When Wilfred came home the other night, I happened to be up and he was a little affected by that strong punch you had given him, telling him it was claret lemonade. Now I don't object to a joke, but really, Tom, I was surprised that you should have thought it funny to get Wilfred affected in that way.

TOM. Did he tell you—I—I—mean about that?

MRS. K. Yes, because I insisted upon knowing where he had been. Oh, but he shielded you all he could.

TOM. That's very good of him. (*turning to TUBBY*) What do you think of that little devil? I never even saw him.

(*TOM crossing L. and up behind desk for cup of tea which MRS. K. offers.*)

MRS. K. You know, Tom, there is nothing mean about Wilfred.

TOM. He takes after you, Mrs. Kenyon. Why should he be mean?

EVE. I'm commencing to think we do not know Mr. Brown as well as we thought we did.

TOM. Well, I'm sure I've done all I could to have you "get next."

(*Knock at door. Enter CART., who comes down c. to TOM. General greetings.*)

BOYS. Hello, Cartwright! Hello, John!

TOM. (*taking CART. by arm, walking him down to R. near TUBBY*) Say, Cartwright—come here a moment. Come next to the menagerie. Say, this isn't another touch, is it?

CART. Oh, no, not this time. (*laughing*)

TOM. All right, you can come in. (*they cross back to c., TOM c., CART. R. c.*) Oh, Mrs. Kenyon, may I present Mr. Cartwright? (*MRS. K. acknowledges introduction*) Evelyn! Evelyn. (*she is talking to THURSTON at her L. and does not heed TOM*) Miss Kenyon, when you are through with Mr.

Thurston, I'd like to present Mr. Cartwright. (EVE. *turns and bows to CART.*) (TOM *glares at THURS.*) (To THURS.) You are getting me a little angry.

CART. Say, Tom, I just dropped in for a moment to tell you how Thorne took the news. He was simply stunned, old man.

(MADDEN *crosses R. for pillow. Returns to couch.*)

TOM. Well, you look out or you'll be stunned, too, in a moment. (*offering him cup of tea*) Here, take this, and it won't go to your head. There isn't a headache in a barrel of it. Get some cake from Tubby. (*looking across*) There's none left.

(CART. *crosses R. to piano above TUBBY*) (TOM *crosses L. to desk for another cup of tea.*)

MADDEN. Say, Edith, why don't you make me a class pillow? All the other fellows have them.

EDITH. Oh, I'm no good at fancy work. Ask Evelyn, she's always making pillows or something; she actually loves embroidery. Why I don't believe she'd allow porous plasters to come into the house without crocheting a border around them and running pink ribbon through the holes.

(Boys *laughing. TUBBY begins to play piano very softly.*)

TOM. (*back of desk. Lifting up tea-cup*) Oh, here's something I made up in English twelve this morning. Let's see, how does it go?

“Here's to the cup of fragrant tea,
The gossip's favorite brew;
That makes you all your secrets tell,
And—other people's, too.

Here's to the girl who lifts the cup,
And o'er it smiles at you;
The cup that cheers; is then, you'll find,
Inebriating, too.”

(Boys laugh and applaud.)

Barrett Wendell gave me a name for that.

(TUBBY, playing piano very hard and loud.)

EDITH. *(rising)* Oh, boys! what do you say to a dance?

BOYS. A dance? Good! Fine and dandy.

(MADDEN rises and takes EDITH from the other boys who have crossed to her, asking for the dance.—

EVE. crosses to her mother at R. of desk to speak, and TOM, who has been looking around at the other boys, turns to her, asking a dance.—She turns from TOM to THURS., who has crossed to R. to her and they start dancing, one or two of them remain at desk to converse with MRS. K.—TOM crosses up stage and dances with one of the other boys.—As they are dancing TOM throws his partner on the couch and door at R. opens. WILFRED staggers in unobserved by all except TOM who forces him out of room and closes door, and stands with his back to door.)

TOM. Stop! Stop! Everybody.

(They stop dancing, in amazement and turn to TOM.—EVE. and THURS. down stage at C.—EDITH and MADDEN above them and the others around the room.)

EVERYBODY. What's the matter? What is it?

TOM. Why, I've just thought of a new game.

EVERYBODY. A new game? Tell us about it. How do you play?

TOM. Yes, and it's a very good game, too. Now I'll tell you how to play it. Now you all go into Madden's room.

EVERYBODY. Madden's room?

TOM. And don't come out till I tell you.

(KENYON tries to open door) (all start toward

MADDEN'S room, laughing and jesting.—MRS. K. turns in chair to TOM) Mrs. Kenyon, if you don't mind, I wish you would go in, too.

MRS. K. (rising) Oh, do you wish me to go too, Tom?

TOM. Only for a moment. I want to arrange the furniture and things.

MRS. K. (crossing to L. and turning at door) Well, don't keep us waiting too long, Tom, will you? (Exits into room, closing door)

TOM. Only just a moment, Mrs. Kenyon. (crosses to door L., locks it) Just a moment. Oh, the fool! the fool! he is coming in here.

(Door opens R. and KEN. staggers in, closing door behind him and going down to chair at R.)

MADDEN and BOYS. (from room) Oh, Kid, hurry up; don't keep us waiting here long.

TOM. Just a moment. I'll let you know when I'm ready. (turns and crosses to KEN.) Wilfred, what do you mean by coming here in this condition? Aren't you ashamed of yourself?

KEN. (R. C.) Have you seen Marian Thorne?

TOM. (C.) Have you seen Mar-ian Thorne? My Lord! I've forgotten all about her.

KEN. Poor girl! She mustn't see me in this condition.

TOM. No, she mustn't, she mustn't. (noise from room)

MADDEN and BOYS. Oh, Kid! Let us out. Hurry up.

TOM. (crossing to door) All right, all right. Now don't get impatient and I'll let you know the moment that I'm ready. (turning to KEN.) Don't you know that your mother and sister are locked up in that room? How did you get that package on so quick?

KEN. Mother? Sister? What's the joke?

TOM. It's no joke.

(Noise from room.)

MADDEN and BOYS. *(knocking)* Hurry up, Tom, let us out!

TOM. *(crossing to door)* Just a moment, now, just a moment. *(turning to KEN.)* Don't you see I can't keep them in there any longer? I'll tell you what you do,—you go to the Club and I'll meet you there.

KEN. *(going to couch at c.)* I won't go. *(turns and starts to take coat off)* I'll lie down here and go to asleep.

TOM. *(crossing to c.)* That's a very good idea. *(lifting box-couch top, and throws KEN. down into couch)* Now you lie there and go to asleep. *(sits on couch, laughing)*

(MADDEN and BOYS clamor in room.)

MADDEN and BOYS. Come on, Kid! Are you going to keep us in here all day?

TOM. *(unlocks door and returns to c.)* Come in. Come in.

(Door opens and they enter.—EVE. crosses to lower R. followed by MRS. K.—EDITH, TUBBY and CART. cross after them and stand above them middle R.—THURS. crossing down to lower L.—ELLIS, PIERCE, BARNARD follow and stand above THURS.—MADDEN to middle L. behind desk.—They turn to TOM.)

EVERYBODY. Well, what is the joke? What's the joke? What's this great game? *(and so forth)*

TOM. *(laughing)* Well, just line up on either side. *(they form a line obliquely, from MADDEN to THURS. and from CART. to EVE.)* Why, don't you people know this is the first of April?

EVERYBODY. Sold! Stung! Gee, what a game! *(they turn from TOM to laugh and jest with each other.—Backs to TOM)*

(KEN. *lifts cover of couch, to TOM's consternation. After laugh has subsided.*)

THURS. (L.) Say, boys! What will we do to get even?

EDITH. (R. c.) I'll tell you. Let's lock him up in his room.

EVERYBODY. Fine! Fine! Just the thing!

(TOM *rises in horror, stands on couch trying to keep lid down and keep them from opening door*
L. c.)

TOM. No, no! You can't go in there. You can't go in there.

BOYS. Can't we? Well, we'll see.

(CART., TUBBY and COYNE *move forward from R.—MADDEN, PIERCE and ELLIS from L.*) They seize TOM, drag him down from door and push him c.—MADDEN *opens door.*)

THURS. Now, Clax, open the door.

(Door is opened, revealing MARIAN THORNE *standing in doorway with downcast head.—Boys fall back in amazement on either side and look at TOM.—EVE., who has followed boys to c., turns to her mother at R.—TOM at c. looks around, bewildered, and turns to EVE.*)

TOM. Evelyn, I—I——

CURTAIN.

(As curtain rises on call, stage is revealed with people all off and TOM standing up at door R.—KEN. *lifts couch cover and looks at TOM who seizes pillow and throws it at him.*)

CURTAIN.

2ND CALL:—*Everybody on.*

3RD CALL:—TOM and EVELYN.

4TH CALL:—TOM.

ACT II.

SCENE:—*Yard at Harvard. A dormitory runs from L. 1 E. up stage to L. of C., and one from R. 1 E. of C. A large tree stands down stage L. of C. A smaller tree up stage at C. Brooks House and Gymnasium on back drop.*

DISCOVERED:—THURSTON *at C. sitting at tree;* COYNE, TUBBY and PIERCE *seated on steps of dormitory at R. A professor is entering house at L. A student is entering at R. U. E. Crosses to L., exits into the house, saluting professor in passing. Bell for recitations is heard ringing.*

TUBBY. (*seated R. on steps*) Good morning, Professor!

PROF. (*going C. to R.*) Good morning, boys. (*PROF. meets student, speaks in passing and exits R. U. E.*)

(*Student Exits into dormitory at L.*)

THURS. (*seated at tree C. To TUBBY*) Swipe! (*in undertone*)

TUBBY. Oh, what's the matter with you?

(*Enter from R. U. E., an Old-Clothes man, and ELLIS and companion. Passing Old Man, they cross to door. Old Man follows them.*)

OLD-CLOTHES MAN. Hain't you got noddin you want to sell?

ELLIS. (*on steps, turning to him*) Look here, you old tempter, if I sell anything more to you I'll have to go around in my pajamas. You've got all my best things now.

OLD MAN. Well, I'll sell them to you again cheap. (*ELLIS indignant*) Or make an exchange. They just fit you.

ELLIS. Well, of all the nerve! Sell me my own

clothes again! Get along! I tell you I haven't anything but what I'm standing in.

(Exit L. with companion.)

OLD MAN. Now ain't that a pity? Von of my best cusdomers, too. *(crossing in front of tree to boys on steps at R.)* Anyt'ing in my line to-day, gentlemen?

COYNE. No—nothing.

OLD MAN. Have you anyt'ing, sir, to-day?

TUBBY. No—Maxy Keezer's got all mine.

OLD MAN. Have you nodding, sir?

PIERCE. Yes—I have nothing.

TUBBY. On your way.

OLD MAN. *(crossing to THURS.)* Have you anyt'ing, sir?

THURS. Nothing—but say—Farley down at Stoughton says he wants to see you.

OLD MAN. Farley? All right—I go. *(starts to go)*

THURS. *(jumping up, grabbing OLD MAN'S coat-tails, sings)* “Any rags, any bones, any bottles to-day?”

(Other students and all take hold of each other's coat-tails and march out behind OLD MAN, imitating his walk and singing. Bell-stops ringing. Exit R. C.)

“Any rags, any bones, any bottles to-day?
It's the same old story in the same old way.
Any rags,” etc.

(THORNE and CART. watch them off, amused. They cross to L. C. THORPE at L. and CART. leaning against tree.)

THORNE. *(at L.)* Old man, you don't know what these few weeks have meant to me. Freedom—the ability to enter life here on an equal footing with

the other fellows. Why, I am like a man released from prison—I breathe a new air—I—that’s why, Cartwright, I have so often implored you to tell me the name of the man who has helped me. I feel that I must express my gratitude—my determination to repay him.

CART. Now, Thorne, didn’t we agree to let that subject rest? When you are in a position to repay the loan, then I can give you the man’s name, but not before.

THORNE. Oh, I know. You told me all about it; but I can’t help puzzling my brain over it. Honestly, old man, I’m like a kid about it. The thought of it comes between me and my work all the time. I know it can’t be any of the rich set here at college, for, of all the ungodly, purse-proud snobs, that crowd, led by Madden and Brown, are the worst!

CART. (*crosses to R., looking at him*) Brown—um! Oh! I don’t know. Seem to me rather decent fellows.

THORNE. You’ve never tutored up in that room! It makes my blood boil, the way they treat me. Why, until you fellows got around me and made me go in for rowing, they didn’t seem to realize the fact that I was a man like themselves. I was a sort of automaton to them. They used to call me the “grind” right to my face. It has been a little better since I’ve shown them I can row, but they never let me feel that I am one of them. I know what you’re thinking, I ought to be glad to get the tutoring to do. Well, I am, for every penny made brings me nearer the payment of my debt and——

(*Students Enter R. and up and off R. U. E.*)

CART. (*smiling*) And brings an added comfort to your sister, Miss Marian, eh?

THORNE. Oh, well, girls you know, can’t rough it as we can.

CART. She doesn't look like the sort of girl to rough it.

THORNE. Oh, you've seen her?

CART. Why, in Brown's room—er——

(Boys in distance heard singing: "Up the Street," and coming nearer gradually.)

THORNE. Brown's room?

CART. You know he gave a tea a couple of weeks ago. She was there—er—I think it was she. But about the crew——

THORNE. She never said anything to me about it. I didn't know she knew him.

CART. She probably thought it was of no consequence. There were lots of girls there. But—to come back to the rowing—they tell me you are going to make stroke oar.

THORNE. I should never have gone in for rowing. A poor fellow such as I. We've no business, my sister and I, attempting to mix up with that fast rich set.

CART. Oh, nonsense, old man. Why, don't you suppose we want every good man Harvard can show, now that we are up against this proposition of rowing against England's picked crew? And by George! your daily exercise with the axe, down there in the mountains of Tennessee, has given you an enviable bunch of muscles, old man. Hello! here come the fellows now.

(Singing very loudly. Boys enter from R. U. E.)

TOM. *(coming down R. of C. with unction)* Oh, it's so good to get hot and tired and grubby and then cool and clean and hungry!

(As TOM, BUD HALL, MADDEN, THURS., TUBBY and the other boys come down and group around C., THORNE crosses to lower L., CART. joins ELLIS and boys who have entered from dormitory at

L. TOM forms group with THURS. and TUBBY and other boys. MADDEN joins CART. BUD sees THORNE and crosses to him. TOM sees flowers on CART.'S lapel and jollies him, to amusement of those around. When scene quiets down, THORNE speaks to BUD. THORNE is lower L. BUD a little to R. of THORNE. MADDEN and CART. are L. of C. TOM, THURS., and TUBBY are R. C. and other boys are grouped around front groups. ELLIS above BUD.)

THORNE. (*lower L., to coach*) Back from practice? How was it?

HALL. Rotten. Why weren't you out? (L. to R. of THORNE)

THORNE. I was too busy this afternoon.

HALL. (*with intense disgust*) Busy! Studying, I reckon! Say, you've got to cut the study out if you expect to do anything in athletics. What did you come to college for, anyway? To stay in your room reading a book when you ought to be out working and doing your duty to the 'Varsity?

TOM. That's right, Bud.

THORNE. (*laughing*) Well, I'll not to miss any more afternoons. But it was unavoidable to-day! (*crosses up, exits R. U. E.*)

HALL. (*looking after him, disgustedly*) He's a mucker! (*crosses to MADDEN at C.*) If the Kid had a little more training I'd put him in Thorne's place.

MADDEN. Why, Bud, he is the second-best oar on the river. (*crossing to TOM R. of C.*) Look at that chest and arms, hard as a crowbar! (*BUD crosses to TOM, feels his arm. MADDEN falls back to C.*) Ah! it's a pity he can't make the eight.

HALL. He's got the proper college spirit—no books for him, fresh air and something doing every minute. He's getting some good out of his education. Why didn't you grow a few more inches, Kid?

TOM. Well, I would have been much taller if there hadn't been so much of me turned over for feet! They look like German pancakes.

(Boys laugh and TUBBY and BUD begin to poke and sound TOM.)

THURS. Thorne's a good oar all right, but he's a surly dog. Now I don't see why those self-made men have to be so proud over it.

MADDEN. (L. C.) Funny you never hear of a self-made woman! Of course you don't. When a woman is self-made she keeps quiet about it. She doesn't want anybody to get on to her curves. (as BUD and TUBBY punch him) Here, what the dickens are you doing? Say, I may want to use those ribs some day.

(General laugh at this and boys begin to sit around.)

(Someone starts to sing and others join in until it is in full swing. TOM sits well down in C. THURS. to R. of TOM and PIERCE to R. of THURS. Soloists sit to L. of TOM against tree; BUD to L. and BARNARD to L. of MADDEN. TUBBY sits on step at L. and CART. on step at R. BUD sits R. of C. above THURS. Other boys sit around these and three or four remain standing. During singing extra students cross stage and enter dormitory.)

SONGS:

- No. 1. "Schneider's Band." (At end two students enter L. U. E., crossing, exit R. U. E.)
- No. 2. "The Owl and the Pussy Cat."
- No. 3. "Johnny Harvard." (Two students enter R. U. E., cross and Exit in house, L.)
- No. 4. "The Miller's Daughter."
- No. 5. "The Dummy Line." (TUBBY and Chorus)
- No. 6. "When Love is Young." (TOM and Chorus)

“SCHNEIDER’S BAND.”

Soldiers marching up the street
 To music grand on every hand,
 All the people run to meet
 And welcome Schneider’s Band.
 Hear them! The people cheer them!
 As they draw near them to music grand.
 They play so fine, “Die Wacht am Rhein” now
 Is sublime no, on Schneider’s Band.
 They play such bully music fine
 That German “Wacht am Rhein.”
 But what is it that makes the music sweet?
 See the band is marching down the street.
 But what is it that makes it seem so grand?
 Who is it, do you think, leads the band?
 You hear the music play, you hear the people say,
 It surely must be Schneider leads the Band.
 You hear the music play, and as they march away
 You know it must be Schneider leads the Band.

“THE DUMMY LINE.”

Hard luck for poor old Eli, tough on the blue,
 Now all together, smash them and break through.
 ’Gainst the line of Crimson they can’t prevail,
 Three cheers for Harvard and down with Yale.
 Oh, I’ll tell you what the Dummy done,
 She left St. Louis at half-past one,
 She left St. Louis at half-past one,
 And got into Nashville at the setting of the sun.

Chorus.

On the Dummy—on the Dummy Line,
 I’m going to ride and pay my fine,
 I’m going to ride and pay my fine,

(2d time clapping of hands. Spoken.)

One, two, three, four—
 When I ride on the Dummy—on the Dummy, Dum-
 my line.

TUBBY.

Can you tell me roller skates?
 Can you tell me why the paper weights?
 Can you tell me why the thunder claps?
 And why, Oh, why, does the ginger snap?

Chorus.

*(As before, except that instead of counting they
 clap their hands.)*

*(TUBBY dances through chorus and at end falls ex-
 hausted upon the steps. Then orchestra starts
 to play "When Love is Young." Some of the
 boys start to whistle it and MADDEN and THURS.
 urge KID to sing it.)*

"WHEN LOVE IS YOUNG."

(Sung by TOM.)

(Copyrighted by Henry Miller Company.)

I.

The bead's on the wine in our glorious youth,
 And life's full of fervor and zest,
 And the world is made bright by the light of a smile
 Or the sound of the voice we love best.

There's a thrill of delight in the touch of her hand,
 All the earth's bubbling over with joy;
 Oh! the love that we give to the girls that we love
 When we're boys, boys, boys.

Chorus.

When love is young in springtime,
 And boys are youthful, too,
 And girls are so alluring
 What can a fellow do?
 A look, a smile, a dimple,
 You're caught, you're captured, stung!
 There's danger in the very air,
 When love is young.

II.

There are various ways that a fellow may love,
 And most of us sample them all;
 And the older and stronger you are when it strikes,
 The harder and deeper you fall.
 But there's no love on earth that holds half the
 thrill,
 No love that has half the joys—
 As the love that we give to the girls that we love,
 When we're boys, boys, boys.

*(Chorus is repeated three times after first verse.
 TOM singing first chorus, boys singing second
 chorus, then everybody whistling and dancing
 third chorus.)*

*(Then they urge TOM to sing second verse. Boys
 sing first chorus, and hum second, joining in
 lock-step and marching across stage, from lower
 R. into dormitory at L. BUD Exits L. U. E.
 THURS. is up stage at C. looking over R. Boys
 singing last two lines off stage and MADDEN is
 down lower R. CART. makes Exit into dormitory
 at R., TOM and TUBBY are speaking to him.
 As song ends THURS. comes to C., beckoning to
 MADDEN. They meet L. of C. near tree.)*

THURS. Say, Clax, let's go and slick up for ves-
 pers. Miss Sinclair and Evelyn Kenyon are coming
 over this afternoon.

(TOM overhears and crosses to him.)

TOM. (R.) Eh! What did you say about Eve-
 lyn Kenyon?

THURS. (C.) I didn't say a word.

TOM. You're a fibber, Thurston; that sunny
 smile of satisfaction on your face would bring out
 the dogwood blossoms in December.

THURS. Well, you know, Kid, you're out of the
 running in that direction.

TOM. Well, I may be a back number, but I'm not out of print. Now you watch me. (*slaps THURS. on back, Exits into house L.*)

(MADDEN *Exits by crossing THURSTON, slaps him on back.*)

MADDEN. I'll back the Kid against the field.

THURS. Well, the nerve. (*THURS. crosses in front and Exits L. door*)

(MADDEN *follows him and turns at door as TUBBY speaks.*)

TUBBY. Say, Clax, I'm awfully sorry for the Kid. He's game, but he's pretty well cut up about Evelyn Kenyon.

MADDEN. Well, I could never understand that business in our room that day. It didn't seem like the Kid, somehow.

TUBBY. Well, you couldn't blame Miss Kenyon for being angry.

MADDEN. Yes, but she needn't have kept it up all this time. It's been three or four weeks since that happened. (*they Exit into the house*)

(*Enter R. U. MARIAN THORNE, looks around, hears voices from R. and Exits L. U. E. Enter from dormitory at R. COLTON and KEN.*)

COLTON. (*coming down to c.*) Well, that was easy, very easy. (*counting money he has in hand*)

KEN. (*coming out, closing door after him and down R. of c.*) Oh, I say, Colton, why don't you let these kids keep some of their allowance?

COLTON. What a grouch you have on, Kenyon, ever since you've been on the water-wagon you haven't been fit company for man or beast. Come on over to-night and let's have a try at Bill Moran's. No big game, just a little quiet—

KEN. (*R. of c.*) No, I won't. Why can't you let me alone, Colton, when I'm trying to be decent?

COLTON. Let you alone? I will, by Jove! Why, you talk as though we were a sort of Mephisto and Faust layout. Nice innocent little Faust, you. Well, you can't say that I'm the cause of all your troubles anyway. Day-day, until you are better humored. (*starts up stage*)

KEN. (*turning to him*) What do you mean?

COLTON. Why, I am going, that's all.

KEN. No—I—what were you referring to just now?

COLTON. Oh, now—look here, Kenyon, (*coming down to him*) you don't suppose for an instant that I am not wise. Why, man, you tell me everything you know when you are drunk. Lord! How you have bored me about that girl—Oh, see here, Kenyon, don't you look so down. I'm a friend of yours, we've had some bully good times together and I'm not going to let your little temper spoil it all. Come along over to town and let's make a night of it.

KEN. I can't if I would. (*crossing in front to c.*) I haven't any money.

COLTON. As if that made any difference. I'm reeking with coin. Had a couple of freshies down at the rooms last night at poker.

KEN. And I suppose you skinned them—skinned them clean?

COLTON. (*turning to him angrily*) Now, that's about enough cheek from you! (*crossing to KEN. at c.*) Oh, but I'm not going to quarrel with you. I like you, Kenyon, and I want to help you out of the hole you are in. Why, I came over especially to-day to put you in the way of making a nice little sum of money, just for the trouble of stooping for it.

KEN. Stooping for it?

COLTON. Well—er—I suppose you'd call it stooping. You see the odds on the big race are two to one for the 'Varsity against the Englishmen.

KEN. I know that; but I haven't any money to bet.

COLTON. Ah, but I have! you see, and I'm placing every penny I can get hold of on the English crew—because they are going to win and it is you who will be the cause of their winning.

KEN. I don't understand you! I don't know what you are talking about.

COLTON. Thorne is the Keystone of the wonderful work Harvard is doing. It is his work which is sending the odds up in favor of the 'Varsity. It is his work which enabled them to beat all records. They haven't a substitute in his class.

KEN. What do you mean?

COLTON. I mean that Thorne isn't going to row! On the morning of the 30th, just before the race, his sister is going to leave Cambridge suddenly.

KEN. What are you proposing to me? Betray my college—my own friends—Colton, I know I am of no account, weak and good-for-nothing, I know that, but, if I am capable of such treachery—such rottenness as you seem to think, then I want to die right now. I don't want to go on living. (*turns away*)

COLTON. Ha! Ha! Oh, you talk like a Sunday School book. You're no worse than any of the other fellows, you're only unlucky—and what is it I ask you to do? You told me yourself you were going to marry the girl in spite of her brother and your family's objections. All I ask is that you fix it up a little sooner than you otherwise would, on the morning of the 30th, and if the Englishmen win, I owe you five hundred dollars. Shall I put that down as a bet? (*he takes book from his pocket*)

KEN. No—and, Colton, I tell you right now, I am done with you! (*crosses in front to R.* COLTON *grabs his arm in passing*)

COLTON. (*detaining him*) But I haven't done with you, not quite. What would Thorne do to you if I should tell him what I know? Fellows like that don't handle men of your sort with gloves. You

will do as I tell you or I shall accomplish the same result in another, and for you, a very unpleasant way. (*turns up a step or two to C. and lights cigar*) Just think it over, will you? Think it over. (KEN. *turns and slowly crosses to C. COLTON watches him, then goes down to him*) I'll give you till to-morrow night to decide. (*goes up stage to R. U. F., whistling*) "When Love is Young," chorus. Stops, looks back at KEN.) Till to-morrow night. (*exits R. U. E.*)

(MARIAN Enters L. U. E.)

KEN. (*about to call COLTON back. Coming down. MARIAN crosses C. R. of KEN.*) Colton!

MARIAN. Wilfred.

KEN. (*clasp hands*). Marian!

MARIAN. Wilfred, I feared you'd forgotten our appointment.

KEN. (*L. to C.*) No, no, I shouldn't have been late, Marian, but Colton kept me. I wanted to see you for days.

MARIAN. (*joyfully*) Oh, have you, Wilfred—I thought you didn't care.

KEN. Care? Why, Marian, I think of nothing else. I have kept straight for three weeks—haven't drank a drop.

MARIAN. (*coming to him*) Oh, how happy that makes me.

KEN. (*turns to her*) Marian, does it? Ah, then it is worth the fight. (*crosses to R.*) If I were to come to you some day, and ask you to go away with me, if I were not to explain why, but just say to you that my whole future—my whole happiness—depended upon your placing yourself blindly in my hands; that by doing so you would give me a fresh start, a new lease on life, would you give up everything for me? Would you go, dear, would you?

MARIAN. Why you know that I would.

KEN. And—you wouldn't—you wouldn't fail me?

MARIAN. No, never—but why?

KEN. Because I may ask this of you soon, Marian. I do want to do the right thing by you, but I'm—we're both so wretchedly poor. (*taking check from pocket*) Here, take this check—you may need it, in case I ask you to join me suddenly—some place—soon.

MARIAN. A check—"Tom Brown—for three hundred dollars!"

KEN. Yes, he loaned it to me. (MARIAN *tries to return the check*) Keep it in case of an emergency.

MARIAN. (*turns to him, sees her brother*) My brother, Wilfred—go, for my sake!

KEN. (*alarmed*) Your brother! (*crosses and Exits in house R., as THORNE enters R. U. E. MARIAN follows KEN. and is at R. THORNE comes down R. C.*)

THORNE. (*looking after KEN.*) Marian, who was that just went in there?

MARIAN. It was Mr. Brown.

THORNE. Why didn't you tell me you knew Brown? Why didn't you tell me you visited his rooms?

MARIAN. Brother, you know?

THORNE. It's true, then? Marian, I can't understand your silence in a matter of this kind. I don't like any of that fast rich set. A poor girl, such as you, is better without acquaintances of that kind. Understand, Marian, it is my earnest wish that you will not speak to him again. I dislike Brown above any of them except Madden. They despise us because we are so poor. Well, let them.

MARIAN. Oh, they don't feel that way, Gerald.

THORNE. Oh, yes they do. They're all rotten with the pride of inherited money. They haven't any use for the man who hasn't the price.

MARIAN. Brother, do you ever think it may be one of these rich students who is helping you through college?

THORNE. (*savagely turning to her*) If I thought that—Oh, but no—you don't know them. Selfish to the core. Help me? (*laughs*) Why, they scarcely know that I'm in existence. (*takes her hand*) And, Marian, while we are speaking of these things, why do I find you walking about the yard, when I expressly told you——

MARIAN. (*goes up to him*) Oh, Brother, most of the girls do the same thing. It is quite customary—Vespers—you know——

THORNE. Well, I don't like it! Please don't do it any more. I must see Cartwright. I don't like to leave you here. I will be back soon and take you home. (*crosses to door R. She crosses to C. He starts to enter dormitory R., then turns to MARIAN. He comes back to her and lifts her face to his*) Poor little motherless girl. I am sometimes harsh with you. But you know it's only because you are so dear to me. You know that, don't you?

MARIAN. Oh, yes, I know you're too good to me. (*THORNE Exits into dormitory*)—Too good!

(*Turns to C. as TOM Enters from house L. and crosses up stage. Seeing MARIAN he comes down C.*)

TOM. (*at C.*) Why, how do you do, Miss Thorne? I'm very glad to see you.

MARIAN. How do you do, Mr. Brown? I've so wanted to see you.

TOM. Really? What do you want to see me about?

MARIAN. Yes. To ask you if my rash folly in coming to your rooms that day had hurt you with your friends?

TOM. No, it's all right. Don't you worry about it. It's bound to come out all right.

MARIAN. It is then as I feared. Miss Kenyon is angry with you still.

TOM. She is a little angry, I confess. She hasn't answered any of my letters.

MARIAN. Oh, it seems dreadful that I should have brought this on you, who have been so kind to Wilfred and to me!

TOM. Good? What have I done?

MARIAN. Why, the money you loaned him.

TOM. Oh, what are a few dollars now and then? I was very glad I had it to be able to assist you.

MARIAN. It seems a great deal to me. And I want to thank you for your kindness. (THORNE and CART. enter door at R.) I do thank you so much.

THORNE. (*coming down from steps to R.*) Thank him? For what? (MARIAN gives startled cry and turns to THORNE) What have you to thank this man for?

TOM. Oh, just on general principles.

(CART. comes down from R.)

THORNE. I want no flippant remarks from you! (*crosses in front of MARIAN to C. MARIAN goes over to CART. at R.*) I've allowed you and your associates to treat me with the contempt you would not have bestowed upon a dog, because I was poor and you were paying me, I wanted no social relations with you. But this is a personal matter. We are man to man in this, and I tell you now that your acquaintance with my sister must cease.

TOM. Not if your sister still condescends to honor me with her acquaintance.

THORNE. It is an honor indeed. Men like you, cold, selfish, brutal, with not a spark of generosity or kindly feeling in your natures——

(CART. crosses to THORNE to restrain him.)

CART. Thorne, this man is——

TOM. (*breaking in on CART.*) Cartwright! (CART. stops) Thorne, I hope I will see you again sometime.

THORNE. (*indignant, goes to MARIAN at R.*)
Come, Marian. (*takes her arm and they Exit R. U. E.*
CART. *follows them up*)

TOM. I think she's very nice indeed, but I'd hate to have a brother like that.

(CART. *comes down to TOM at L. C.*)

CART. Say, Tom, that's pretty tough on you, after the way you have treated him.

TOM. Sh! Cut it out!

CART. Oh! Tom, you're so afraid someone will find out how soft a heart you have under all your bluff.

(THURS. and MADDEN *Enter at L. and TUBBY.*)

TOM. Oh, not at all.

(*They go up stage, as THURS. and MADDEN come down. THURS. crosses to C. and turns to MADDEN. CART. Exits R. U. E.*)

THURS. Say, Clax, let's slip away and head off the girls.

(TOM *comes down as THURS. crosses and Exits at R. U. E., followed by CLAX. TUBBY at L.*)

TOM. (*at C.*) Say, Clax. (CLAX *comes back and TOM sees TUBBY*) Hello, Tubby! You get fatter every time I see you. Say, Clax!

MADDEN. (*at R. of TOM*) What is it, Kid?

TOM. Say, bring the girls here, will you? I've got to see Evelyn. I've written eighteen letters in the last month, and she won't answer any of them.

MADDEN. All right, I'll trot 'em along—but don't blame me if they give you the cold and stony.

THURS. (*calling from outside*) Hey! Clax—

MADDEN. All right, I'm coming. (*starts to go*)

TOM. Don't pay any attention to him. If you bring the girls here, I'll give you a new scarf-pin Christmas, maybe.

MADDEN. Fine, you're on. (*Exits R. U. E.*)

TOM. I said "maybe."

TUBBY. Say, Tom, you don't mean to say you're going to stay here and face the girls after that show-down in your room on April first?

TOM. Well, you just watch me!

TUBBY. I wish I had your nerve. She'll turn you down and that will make you look cheap.

TOM. All the better! She's a woman, isn't she? If I look cheap she won't be able to resist the bargain.

TUBBY. What do you mean?

TOM. Oh! that's too subtle for you. Tubby, I wish you'd do me a favor. I want you to get Thurs-ton out of the way, so I can see Evelyn here alone.

TUBBY. Gee! It would take a cyclone to get him away, when Miss Kenyon is about. And you know I ain't much good at thinking things, that is, until it's too late.

TOM. I'll tell you what I'll do, Tubby. If you can arrange it so that I can have five minutes here this afternoon with Evelyn, I'll blow you off to seven consecutive dinners at the Touraine.

TUBBY. (*delighted*) Do you mean it, Kid?

TOM. Go as far as you like. (*TUBBY shows great pleasure*) Why, you've got incipient consumption of those dinners already.

(*Enter R. U. E. THURS. and EVE., they come down to R. of C., and CLAX and EDITH, who come to middle C. TOM is L. of C. and TUBBY L. of TOM.*)

TUBBY. Eh! I ain't no diplomat, Kid.

TOM. Don't be diplomatic, be Rooseveltian and you'll win out every time. (*TUBBY sees THURS. and EVE. and motions to TOM. He walks to EVE. whose back is turned to TOM.*) Hello, Evey, I'm awfully glad to see you. (*she does not notice him*) How do

you do, Evelyn? (*pause*) I feel very badly indeed, thank you. (*turns to TUBBY*) I feel like a fool.

TUBBY. (*L. of tree*) Yes.

TOM. (*turns to EDITH who does not notice him*) Hello, I know you, too. (*pause, he turns to TUBBY*) Do you know anything about this? (*TUBBY shakes his head "No"*) Did anyone speak?

TUBBY. Nobody spoke, Kid.

MADDEN. (*affecting surprise*) Hello, Kid, you here?

TOM. It seems not. I don't know whether I am or not.

TUBBY. (*crossing to EVE.*) How do you do, Miss Kenyon?

EVE. (*turning to greet him*) Why, how do you do, Tubby?

(*TOM comes forward below TUBBY.*)

TOM. How do you do, Miss Kenyon?

(*She ignores him, turning to THURS. TOM urges TUBBY forward, with a slap.*)

EVE. (*as she turns to THURS.*) Do you know, I haven't seen Tubby since——

TUBBY. (*R. of C.*) Say, Thurston, those fish-eggs we were watching down at the "Lab" have hatched out. Let's you and I go and see them, will you?

(*All stare in surprise, then laugh.*)

TOM. (*laughing*) Fish-eggs! If I couldn't think of a better excuse than that! Come here.

(*TUBBY crosses to TOM, who whispers to him.*)

MADDEN. Yes, Tubby is devoted to biology.

THURS. It isn't biology—it's fryology. Tubby likes to watch them and think how many good edible fish they'll make. But not for me this afternoon, thank you.

(TOM motions CLAX to go away.)

MADDEN. Come on. Let's get away and give the Kid a chance.

EDITH. All right, if you think he deserves it.

MADDEN. Sure he does.

EDITH. Oh, very well then. Oh, Evey! (*goes down as EVE. turns to her*) As you have to wait for your mother here, we'll meet you at vespers, if you don't mind. Mr. Madden wants me to—er—show me—the “Glass Flowers.” (*turns to MADDEN and they go up to R. U. E.*) Oh! hang the glass flowers! Let's go down to the Stadium and size up the runners. (*they Exit R. U. E., CLAX waving back to TOM*)

(EVE. turns to THURS. as EDITH goes up.)

EVE. They evidently don't want us. (*crosses to R. of THURS., facing TOM and bringing THURSTON's back to him*) Mother won't be long, though. I presume you won't mind boring yourself with me for a few minutes.

THURS. Why, Miss Kenyon, I'd wait for you for a million years.

(TOM gives TUBBY a push, TUBBY crossing to THURS.)

TUBBY. (*L. of C.*) Say, Mr. Thurston, let's you and I go see the glass flowers, will you? (*smiles at TOM, as THURS. angrily turns*)

THURS. (*crossing to TUBBY*) What's the matter with you? Have you got 'em again? (*turns back to EVE.*)

TUBBY. (*crossing to L.*) There, see there. The old fusser.

TOM. (*L. of C.*) That's all right, Tubby. Don't worry about it at all. (*laughing*) It's better than fish-eggs, anyway. Now remember, from mock-turtle to demi-tasse seven times.

TUBBY. (*slowly smiling*) Gee! I've got it, Kid, I've got it! Ha! Ha! I'll fix him. (*Exit in house L.*)

TOM. (*at L. 1*) He has them all right. (*looking over at EVE.*) They seem very happy. I guess I'll try it once more. (*crosses to R. and L. of THURS.*) How do you do, Miss Kenyon? (*THURS. in his way, he takes a step or two to attract her attention. THURS. motions, moves with him and blocks him*) Well, I hope I'm not in the way.

THURS. (*turning to TOM*) Not at all, old man, not at all. (*turns back to EVE.*)

TOM. I'm not addressing you, sir. You to me in the future—a person. Darned old fusser. All borrowed clothes. I've got a Panama hat like that. The more I look at it—by golly! that's my hat! Well, I hope I'm not de trop. I fancy I am, so I'd better be going.

(*Boys are heard whooping Indian style in house at L.*)

THURS. Well, don't let us keep you.

(*With wild whooping, half a dozen boys, headed by TUBBY, rush on from L. and cross to R., seize THURS., hoist him on their shoulders, carry him off and Exit R. U. E. The noise not subsiding till they are well off. TOM bursts into a laugh and falls on step at L. EVE. surprised goes up stage to tree at C., watching the boys off, then bursts into laughter. TOM seeing her laugh, rises and goes up to her.*)

TOM. (*L. of EVE.*) How-do-you-do, Miss Kenyon? Won't you—(*extending his hand. She is laughing, her back to him*) I told Tubby he needn't mind being diplomatic.

EVE. (*laughing*) Oh! You're too absurd! (*comes down stage and crosses to L. in front of tree.*)

TOM *comes down to c.*) But it was funny. Mr. Thurston looked so surprised. (*laughing*)

TOM. Did you notice it? He didn't even stop to say good-bye. He left you most unceremoniously, I thought. I don't think I should have left you that way.

EVE. Tom Brown, you've the most assurance—(*laughs and turns away*) Now you needn't think I'm laughing because I'm pleased with you, for I'm not.

TOM. (*at c.*) Still you're not as angry as you were.

EVE. Oh! I hate you!

TOM. No, you don't.

EVE. Yes, I do.

TOM. No, you don't hate me at all. You love me, and you know it.

EVE. (*turning to him*) Why, how dare you?

TOM. Well, you see it's this way. I've reasoned it all out. There's Miss Sinclair, who was in the room that day. She wasn't so awfully angry, she speaks to me at least. And then I saw your mother and explained it to her, and she understood it perfectly. She thought I got out of it nicely under the circumstances, and said that I might call again. But you—you won't forgive, so I know it's gone deeper with you. That's how I know you care.

EVE. I don't consider the explanation you gave mother a satisfactory one at all.

TOM. Well, I can give you an entirely different one if you want it.

EVE. Tom, you're so—so provoking. Now why won't you be frank with me?

TOM. How can I be "frank" with you when I'm "Tom" to everybody else?

EVE. Oh! You're impossible! (*she crosses in front of him, going up R. when he takes her hands and holds them. They come down to c.*)

TOM. (*at c.*) Ah! Evey, why won't you trust

me? I can't explain why that girl, Miss Thorne, (*she draws her hand away*) was in my room, without implicating someone else.

EVE. (*turning to him, R. of C.*) Madden?

TOM. Oh! no, not Madden. But I assure you there was no disloyalty to you in her being there, and—you know, Evey, this spirit of suspicion is a very bad thing; don't let it grow on you. You see, when a wife can't trust her husband——

EVE. (*amazed*) But, I'm not your wife.

TOM. No, but you're going to be. (*takes flowers from her belt, and as she tries to recover them, takes her hand*) Thank you very much indeed. As I was saying, the only way to be happy is to be trustful and when you come down to the point of things, there's no use asking a man questions that he doesn't want to answer. Because he will only tell you fibs. The best thing to do is just to accept the brute in spite of all his faults, and you'll be surprised how happy we will be.

EVE. Tom, you're so impatient, you really don't know it.

TOM. Yes, but there's a lot of fellows fussing around you all the time, and there isn't one of them thinks half as much of you as I do.

EVE. (*crossing slowly to L. of tree*) Oh, I don't know. Mr. Thurston just told me that he loved the ground I walked on. (*leans against tree, back to TOM*)

TOM. Well, that's very nice of him. Is that all he loves, just the ground? (*crossing to her*) You know I'd rather love you than the ground. (*places his arm around her, she releases herself, goes around L. of tree, comes down R. of tree. TOM meets her*)

EVE. Well, I'll—you can't get around me that way.

TOM. Well, I'll get around you this way. (*tries to embrace her. She turns to C.*)

EVE. (R. of c.) Tom, you won't take me seriously.

TOM. (c.) I'll take you any way I can get you.

EVE. (turning to him) Now I'm really hurt and angry——

TOM. No, you're not.

EVE. (turning away) Yes, I am, and after what happened in your room that day——

TOM. Say, Evelyn, what is it makes the women so suspicious?

EVE. (looking at him, then away) The men.

TOM. Where did you read that? Sounds like the Ladies' Home Journal. You can go up one for that. Say, Evey, let's come to Hecuba! Won't you let me put the ring on again?

EVE. No.

TOM. Please.

EVE. (decidedly) No.

TOM. I wish you would. You don't know how broken up I was that day you sent it back. You know I'm not much on talk, but there has never been anyone but you, Evey, ever since I first met you, you—you know we are just like that—every member of our family. (*quartette singing "Fair Harvard" is heard off in L., and vestry bell is R.*) Father could never see any other proposition but mother, she was "the one" and, only, ever since he was a boy. Oh! hang it, Evey, let me put it on again. It will make me very happy. Let me put the ring on again. (*puts his arm around her*)

EVE. No, Tom, no. It was foolish anyway—you pledging yourself before even your college days were over, before you'd really known any other girls.

TOM. Oh, hang it! there aren't any other girls.

EVE. (turning to him) Honest?

TOM. Honest.

EVE. Well, you may keep the flower——

TOM. Then you will take the ring?

EVE. No, I won't take the ring.

TOM. Well, just take it till over Sunday.

EVE. No, not yet, but—you may come and see me.

TOM. May I?

EVE. Oh! but I haven't forgiven you, not really forgiven you; and you are not to try to kiss me, never.

TOM. What are you talking about, never?

EVE. (*turning away*) Well, not for a very long time.

TOM. Well, we'll see about that. (*looking around carefully*) Evey, do you know what I like most about you?

EVE. No. (*slightly turning her head to c. as TOM approaches*) What?

TOM. (*crossing to R. of c.*) My arms! (*clasps her in his arms and kisses her. She retreats a step then turns to him*)

EVE. (*R. of c.*) Now, Tom, remember, you're only on probation.

TOM. (*L. of c.*) All right. (*bowing*) I'm on probation.

CURTAIN.

(EVE. exits L. U. E. and curtain rises showing boys returning with THURS. on their shoulders.

They let him down R. of c. TUBBY is c. and

TOM L. of c.)

TUBBY. Say, Tom, do I get those dinners?

TOM. Oh, boys, I'm on probation!

CURTAIN.

1ST CALL:—TOM, EVE., THURS., TUBBY and Boys.

2ND CALL:—TOM and EVE.

3RD CALL:—TOM, THURS., TUBBY and MADDEN.

4TH CALL:—TOM.

ACT. III.

SCENE:—*The 'Varsity Boat Club on the day of the race with the English Amateurs. The scene is laid in the large hall of the boat-house. The entrance is from door at L. The locker room is at R., and a half flight of stairs leading to it, stairs then turn to L. and lead to balcony which runs across stage to L. Three large windows open out on balcony giving view of river. Under balcony a large double opening leads to porch and float outside, showing river beyond. A racing shell is on the float. The walls are hung with flags and bunting, the American flag and English flag are draped on opposite sides of the wall. Another American flag is seen floating in the breeze through window at L. Racing cars are standing on either side of stage. A table is fitted up under balcony at L. with refreshments for boys, who help themselves from time to time. The table is in charge of O'Hara, the Irish door-keeper. At rise a band is heard playing outside and crowds are cheering down the river. The boys are DISCOVERED betting and chatting noisily. TUBBY is at L. helping himself to refreshments. THURS., CART., COLTON, KENYON, PIERCE and other boys are up at float in the betting excitement which is kept up till Programme Boy enters at L. selling programmes.*

BOY. (L. of C. crossing to C.) Programmes! Souvenir programmes of the race! Programmes! Programmes!

TUBBY. (L. of C. Boy turning to him) Here, boy, I want one. (takes one and turns away)

BOY. Fifty cents.

(TUBBY looks at him, then hands it back) (Boy then goes to boys at float, sells one or two and Exits R.)

(O'HARA is drinking at L. c. and THURS. comes down to him.)

THURS. (R. of O'HARA) Look here, O'Hara, I sent the case of wine up here for my friends.

O'HARA. Of course you did, sir, and you'll never have no better friend than Mike O'Hara. Sure, I was speaking to the President yisterday, and he says to me, says he: "Mike, yer noted for your race day drunks, an' if ye don't get a bigger bun on this time, than ye iver did before, begorra, the crew'll take it as a personal insult." And I'm not the man to be insulting the best crew that Harvard iver had, so long as me throat leads to me head.

THURS. That's right, Mike; go as far as you like.

TUBBY. That's good stuff all right, but I'm afraid to drink too much on an empty stomach. I'm so darned nervous over this race I couldn't eat half my breakfast this morning. Didn't have anything but some buckwheat cakes and some sausage and a couple of eggs, a few bananas and a pickle. Couldn't even drink my two glasses of milk.

BUD. (*entering from locker room at R.*) Say, have you fellows seen Madden or Thorne? They're always late.

(MADDEN and BARNARD *Enter from L. and cross to c. and boys come down and group around them.*
BUD comes down stairs to them.)

BUD. (R.) Say, what the devil do you mean by being late?

MADDEN. (C.) Oh, Lord! I could hardly get here as it was. My knees feel as though they were made of watch-spring. Going like this all the time. Gee! if a fellow could only take some nice hygienic anaesthetic on the day before the race and wake up just at the pistol shot, it'd save a lot of agony. Say! I've got the funniest feeling under my handkerchief pocket——

BUD. Oh, what's the matter with you? Come on, get out of your clothes. (MADDEN *crosses to R. and starts upstairs*) (BARNARD *follows MADDEN*) You, too, Barnard. The race is to-day not next week. Say, have you fellows seen Thorne?

MADDEN. (*turns at landing*) No. Ain't he here yet?

BUD. No, he isn't. (MADDEN and BARNARD *Exit into room*) That blamed outsider's given me more trouble! He's got the muscle all right, but he hasn't got the spirit of a real athlete. (*crosses and Exits into locker room*)

TUBBY. (*at R. to PIERCE*) No, I ain't betting. I only got twenty-five dollars left of my allowance.

(*At "real athlete" a boat-load of girls off of upper L., shouting "Harvard! Harvard! Rah! Rah! Rah!" Three times. "Harvard! Harvard! Harvard! "Good luck, boys, good luck!"—Laughter.*)

THURS. (*runs up at float, and down to boys*) Crickey! Look at that boat-load of peaches!

(*All the boys run up to float, looking at girls and waving to them.*)

PIERCE. (*on float*) That one in the red dress for mine.

(*Boy has Harvard flag and is singing: "I'm a Yankee Doodle Dandy." Programme Boy Enters. Bus. R. U. E.*)

BOY. Programmes! Programmes! (*crosses to door L.*)

BUD. (*enter from locker room*) Say, Mike! Oh, Boy—here. Run to No. 43 De Wolfe street and ask for Mr. Thorne. Tell him Mr. Hall wants him here at once, hurry now. Get a move on you. (BUD *Exits into room R.*)

(*Boy crosses to L. and Exits.*)

TUBBY. (*coming down float with PIERCE to R.*)
I tell you I ain't betting! (*coming down from float
to L. of C., with COLTON, CART., to C.*)

THURS. (C. L.) Say, Colton, it's none of my
business, but really, you know the Englishmen haven't
a chance against our crew. It's the best one we ever
had. You're wasting your money.

COLTON. (L.) Oh, I'm not betting for myself.
I wouldn't bet against my Alma Mater. I'm sort
of playing book-maker for some friends of mine in
town who want to throw away their coin.

(KENYON *down to R.*)

THURS. Well, I'll take up a couple of them.

KENYON. (R. of C.) Say, don't you fellows be
too sanguine. I sort of feel apprehensive——

THURS. (*turning to KEN.*) What about?

KENYON. Oh, I don't know. Sort of feeling—
something in the air.

THURS. (C.) Oh, you're in the air. (*turns to
COLTON*) (KENYON *up crosses to L. and down L.
of COLTON*) Say, Colton, I'll give you ten to one on
everything up to a hundred.

CART. (R. of C.) Say, Thurston, you must have
an interest in your father's business, haven't you?

THURS. No, only a mild curiosity. (*turning to
COLTON*) You take me, Colton?

COLTON. Sure, give you odds on a hundred. (*Re-
cords bet*) (THURS. *and CART. up stage*) (COLTON
turns to KENYON) That's the third time you've
butted in.

KENYON. Well, knowing what I do, I can't bear
to see my friends done.

COLTON. Oh, it's a pity about you! (*goes up
stage*)

(KEN *follows.*)

TUBBY. (*down at R.*) Say, why don't you let me alone? If I bet my last twenty-five dollars and lose, how am I going to eat for the rest of the month? My father won't send me any more.

THURS. (*coming down to R. c.*) What's your bet?

(*CART. to c.*)

PIERCE. (*R. of TUBBY*) I want to bet Tubby that we come in thirty-five seconds ahead.

THURS. (*to TUBBY*) Why don't you take it?

CART. (*c.*) Now look here, boys, that isn't betting. That's gambling, pure and simple. It's all right to bet on your college through loyalty, but when it comes to splitting minutes——

THURS. (*R. c.*) Splitting minutes! I'll split a second with anyone who wants to bet. (*crosses in front to L. to COLTON*)

PIERCE. I'll tell you what I'll do, Tubby——

TUBBY. No, I won't bet.

PIERCE. I won't make it an even bet,—(*showing meal tickets*) I'll throw in these meal tickets.

CART. Ah! Meal tickets.

TUBBY. (*eyes bulging at tickets*) Well,—make it ten seconds and it's done.

PIERCE. All right. If we come in ten seconds ahead. (*records bet*) Twenty-five dollars, Tubby Anderson.

THURS. (*crossing to R. c.*) And I'll bet you we'll come in a minute ahead.

CART. Say, now, Thurston, you're getting excited.

THURS. Oh, what are you giving me? You've got a bet up yourself, haven't you?

CART. Oh, well, a straight bet. I've got two, for that matter.

—(*Boys start up stage, and meet TOM Entering R. TOM comes down c. and boys group around. COLTON crosses at back to R. and KENYON down L.*)

TOM. (c.) Hello, boys!

BOYS. Hello, Tom! Where have you been?

TOM. I've been out on the river watching the Englishmen. They've been rowing up and down for the last half hour, giving the dolls a treat. You can see them from the float. They're almost up here now. (*Boys go up to float, leaving TOM at c., COLTON at R. and KENYON at L.*) Hello, Colton.

(COLTON comes to R. c.)

COLTON. Never saw anything like it. The whole town's mad.

TOM. Odds holding good?

COLTON. I should say. Some places you can get two to one on the 'Varsity.

TOM. That's good news. Funny thing. Even my old Dad's got the fever. Just sent me a wire I could go as far as I liked on our boys.

COLTON. There's a fellow outside—friend of mine, wants to put up even money on the Englishmen. If you'd like—I can act for you.

TOM. Why, that's very good of you——

KENYON. Don't you do it, Tom. We may not win.

TOM. Oh, that's a chance we all take. (*crosses R. to stairs*) I wish you'd place five hundred for me as well as you can, will you?

COLTON. Sure.

MADDEN. (*at top of stairs*) Hey, Kid!

TOM. Eh!

MADDEN. Bud wants all the substitutes up here.

TOM. All right. That's a go, is it, Colton?

COLTON. Sure.

TOM. Say, I'll bet you an extra hundred we don't lose. You take me?

COLTON. That goes.

TOM. Hello, boys! (*Exits, and boys are heard greeting him*)

COLTON. (*crossing to KEN.*) What the devil do you mean by telling Brown not to bet?

KENYON. (L.) I want to tell everybody. I feel I must shout it aloud.

COLTON. Oh, you make me weary. Why don't you pull yourself together and make some money for yourself? I'll lend you some if——

KENYON. No, you don't. You've got me where you want me. I've done this low trick. I know our fellows are going to lose, and I can never look them in the face again.

COLTON. Well, you'll be able to look your creditors in the face. It'll be pretty comfy, old man, when you wake up to-morrow morning able to say: "Well, I'm square with the world—I can begin all over again."

KENYON. Square with the world! How about the girl? It'll ruin her reputation.

COLTON. Don't you believe it. Did you get her a ticket for the two-thirty?

KENYON. No, I gave her a check. She leaves by that train.

COLTON. You gave her a check?

KENYON. Yes—I borrowed.

COLTON. On Tom Brown——

KENYON. Suppose Thorne should row after all?

COLTON. Well, that's a chance we speculators have to take. But I've a little nerve-destroyer here that I think will do the business. (*takes letter from coat pocket*) In this note I've been kind enough to inform him of her departure. I've even told him the exact train she intends to take.

KENYON. (*alarmed*) You're not writing him——

COLTON. Oh! don't be alarmed. I've been careless enough to omit signing my name.

(*Enter BUD, worried-looking, at top of stairs.*)

BUD. Say, Mike, isn't Mr. Thorne here yet?

(COLTON seals envelope.)

MIKE. (at table) No. Mr. Thorne is not here yet.

(BUD Exits, grumbling.)

KENYON. What do you think it means?

COLTON. I don't know. Well, it'll suit me just as well if he doesn't show up at all.

(COLTON and KENYON turn up stage, and THORNE Enters hurriedly from L. 1 E. with troubled face.

CART. down and intercepts him as he crosses to C.

KENYON joins boys at float.—COLTON sees THORNE, watches him, takes letter from pocket deliberately, puts letter back, and crosses down and Exits L. E.)

CART. Well, Thorne, it's time you came. You've got everybody worked up. Bud's raving. Is there anything the matter?

THORNE. No; no. I—my sister, I stopped to see her. I had a sort of feeling that I wanted her to wish me good luck. You see I haven't any friends like the other fellows and I thought it would give me a sort of send-off—but, she wasn't at home.

CART. Of course not. She's probably on the banks struggling for a good place, with the other girls.

THORNE. I know, but I asked her to wait, and I've been twice to-day. She doesn't often disappoint me. Of course it's all right but I've had so few big things in my life like this race, that I feel disappointed somehow—it would have meant a lot to me to have seen her to-day, and had her wish me good luck. (crosses to R., and starts up stairs)

(CART. crosses to balustrade.)

CART. You've got my best wishes, old man (they shake hands)

THORNE. I dare say you think I'm childish.

CART. No, no! I'm proud of you, I'm proud to be your friend.

(BUD *Enters from room.*)

BUD. Say—Oh, come along, Thorne and get into your togs.

(*They Exit into room as Boys come down*) (From float.)

THURS. (c.) Yes, it's a dandy little stop-watch all right, father just sent it to me.

TUBBY. (R. c.) (PIERCE and COYNE at L.—
CART. R.) What's the bet, Happy?

THURS. It's up on this race against Farrar's bull-pup. (*crosses to CART.*) (TUBBY *to table for a drink*) You know I don't want—bull-pup, I've got two already, but I just simply couldn't pass up a bet to save my life. My ring's up, every scarf-pin I own, my Tuxedo and most of my glad rags.

CART. (TUBBY *comes down at L. with glass*)
What will you do if we lose the race?

TUBBY. He'll have to go to darkest Africa. Ha! Ha!

(THURS. *crosses and takes glass from him.*)

THURS. Say, Tubby, you'll be sorry to-morrow if you keep loading up like this.

(TUBBY *crosses to c.*—THURS. *up to table to open bottles of champagne.*)

TUBBY. Well, I'm sorry now. If I hadn't taken those two glasses on an empty stomach, I wouldn't have made those bets with Pierce. I never did like betting anyway. It's too much like girls.

BOYS. Like girls?

(THURS. *comes down at L. with wine and glass.*)

TUBBY. Yes, it's too uncertain.

(Boys laugh.)

THURS. (at L.) Say, fellows, I've got an idea. If this stuff strikes a spark of wit from Tubby,

"Then I'll drink success to the Harvard crew,
In a sparkling glass of Ruinart's Bruit."

BUD. (at top of stairs) Hey, fellows! Fellows! Here comes the boys!

(Boys singing "Up the Street" and march to greet the crew; THURS. puts bottle away and joins Boys. The 'Varsity Eight comes down stairs dressed in rowing clothes and mingle with the boys.—General hand-shaking and congratulations.—Enter from floats, ELLIS, Varsity Manager with CODRINGTON, Manager of the English crew, to c.)

ELLIS. (L. c.) Boys, stop singing. This is Mr. Codrington, manager of the English crew.

(Boys pass to L. and crew lines up at R.—They form oblique line from lower R. to upper c.—MADDEN is first man, then THORNE.)

CODRINGTON. Well, you're a formidable-looking set of chaps, I must say. You look as though you ought to do pretty fair work.

BUD. (on stairs, R.) Fair work! That's what the whole American nation is betting on.

BOYS. That's right, Bud.

CODRINGTON. That's right, we must all be loyal, win or lose. I always bet on our own crew, myself. Only there's not much excitement in that any more, you know. It's got to be a sure thing. (Boys look at each other.—BUD grunts and comes down stairs.) Though I must say you fellows look as if you'd give us a pretty stiffish run for our money.

BUD. (crossing to R. c.) The best run you ever had in your life!

(Approval of Boys.)

CODRINGTON. Well, good luck to you, boys, and will the best crew win.

BOYS. Thanks. Glad to have met you. Good-bye.

(COD. and ELLIS up and off R. U. E.—BUD up looking after them.)

THURS. Seems pretty sure.

BUD. (*down to c.*) Boys, don't let him bluff you. That's what he's doing. You fellows will wipe a little of that molasses off his countenance before the day is over, or my name is not Bud Hall. Now, Thorne—(THORNE *steps to c.*) Now, Thorne, you know that this race practically depends on you. There never has been such time made as under your stroke, but you're up against men to-day. I've seen them and you've got to light up all the powder that's in you. Stroke 'em easy till near the finish. Those fellows are over-confident and are going to start out a racking clip, just to show us some English fireworks. Go easy. Don't get flustered, and put all your work in the last mile or half. (THORNE *up to crew, and MADDEN forward to c.*) Madden—if you get fussed and kick up a muss, just jump out and drown yourself. Now Boys, put your mind on winning every one of you, and forget there's any dry-goods on the bank.

(Crew and Boys start up to float singing "Up the street."—MADDEN, BUD and THORNE, last. COLTON *Enters at door L. with letter and crosses to c.*)

COLTON. Thorne! Thorne! (THORNE *comes down to him at c.*) A messenger boy outside asked me to hand you this. It's marked "urgent." (*hands him letter, and BUD, who has watched them, comes down and grasps THORNE'S hand as he takes letter.*—BUD *is between THORNE and COLTON.*)

BUD. Well, I'll be—say, don't you, an old racing man, know better than to try to deliver messages before a race? He can't have it. (*reaches for letter as THORNE takes it in his disengaged hand*)

THORNE. Oh, that's all right, Bud. It's my sister's writing, God bless her! Probably wishing me good luck.

BUD. Well, hurry it up, then.

(BUD turns up to Boys. COLTON to table and helps himself to drink, watching THORNE, who goes to R. C., opens note and reads, stares at it and utters cry of agony.—BUD, watch in hand, turns.)

BUD. Come, Thorne, the race, man! the race!

THORNE. (*laughing wildly*) To Hell with the race! I'll not row to-day. (*dashes wildly upstairs into room R.*)

(THURS. coming down, hears him, and rushes up to Boys at float.)

THURS. (*rushes up to Boys*) Oh, Thorne won't row! Thorne won't row!

BOYS. What! Thorne won't row? Thorne won't row?

(BUD on stairs comes back to them.)

BUD. Boys! don't lose your nerve! He's got to row! (*goes up and into room*)

(Boys rush around, excitedly, and keep up running fire.)

TOM. (*top of stairs*) Boys, Boys! I say, what's up?

TUBBY. (*at R. of stairs*) Hell's up!

THURS. (C.) Oh, Kid, we're done for! done for!

TUBBY. (R. of C.) Thorne won't row!

BOYS. No, Thorne won't row, Thorne won't row!

ELLIS. (L.) Boys, what's the matter?

BOYS. (*crowding around him*) Thorne won't row!

(*BUD Enters, comes down stairs.*)

ELLIS. Won't row! He's got to row! We'll make him! (*crosses to R., meets BUD at foot of stairs*)

BUD. (R.) The man's crazy. I can't do a thing with him. (*crossing to C.*)

(*THORNE rushes down stairs and fights his way across stage and Exits L.—Boys keep up excitement and are in despair.*)

ELLIS. (*lower R. corner*) Boys, boys, we've got to put in a sub!

BOYS. (*in groan of despair*) Oh—a sub!

BUD. (C.) Boys! It's all right! We've got to put in the sub. (*groan from Boys*) Who shall it be? Welby—or—the Kid?

(*All look at TOM on stairs, then:*)

EVERYBODY. The Kid! The Kid!

(*TOM leaps downstairs in delight and comes R. C.*)

TOM. Oh, I say——

BUD. Kid—you've been faithful in practice, and you've done good work, but we look to you to-day to do better work than you've ever done before. Go in! Go in—and win!

TOM. I will or I'll bust my gizzard!

(*Boys give wild cheer.—TOM and crew rush up to float and off R.—Other Boys follow them to float. Cheering is kept up.—KENYON is standing at post L. C.—COLTON beside him, drinking, turns to him.*)

COLTON. Well, it worked beautifully, beautifully. You'll get your money all right.

KENYON. Let me alone—you—(*goes up to float, looks after crew*)

(TUBBY comes down from float.)

TUBBY. (C.) Oh! I'm stung!

(THURS. comes down to R. C. PIERCE to L. CART. to R.
Other Boys around them.)

THURS. What's the matter with you?

TUBBY. My money, my good money. If I hadn't taken that champagne on an empty stomach!

PIERCE. (L.) Who'll buy my bets? I'll sell them for anything.

(Voices heard outside.)

THURS. What? On our own crew? I'll buy them.

CART. Who'll buy my bets?

(Students rush in excitement, from L.)

STUDENTS. What's the matter? Ain't Thorne going to row?

THURS. (crossing to them) Pikers! Welchers! Bring your bets here, I'll take every blamed one of them. (Mounting champagne box at post)

STUDENTS. (crowding around him) Can you cash up?

THURS. Cash up! My governor'd cash up till he was bankrupt before he'd stand for a Harvard man betting against his own crew. Give me your bets. I'll take every damned one of them. (students exchange bets with him, and keep up scene and Exit at L.) (THURS. records bets, then goes to TUBBY C.) Now, Tubby, I'll take your bets if you want me to.

TUBBY. Thurston, I've lost every cent I had, and I know I'm going hungry for a month, but when you want me to bet against my college, you insult me, Happy Thurston, you insult me! (goes up to float)

(Door opens at L. and MRS. KENYON with card of admittance, and EVE. and EDITH, appear.—
Door-keeper attempts to stop them.—THURS.

sees them and crosses to them.—TUBBY comes down to them.)

MRS. KENYON. We have cards from Mr. Madden.

THURS. *(crossing to L. to ladies)* It's all right, O'Hara. Come along, Mrs. Kenyon. Go up to the balcony and get away from the crowd.

(They cross, and THURS., TUBBY, EVELYN, EDITH and MRS. KENYON go upstairs. Students and extra ladies enter after them and go up on float to see race. All laughing and chatting and pointing down the river. COLTON, CART., and PIERCE C. On balcony EDITH goes to L., THURS. to L. C., EVE. to C., TUBBY R. C., MRS. KENYON R. They look out of window eagerly.)

EVE. Why that looks like—Tubby, Tubby Anderson, who's stroke oar?

TUBBY. The Kid.

MRS. KENYON. Tom Brown?

TUBBY. Thorne went crazy and they had to put the Kid in, and I'm going to lose twenty-five dollars.

EVE. What right have you to say we are going to lose, Tubby Anderson?

TUBBY. Why—I thought you weren't friends with Tom.

(A shot is fired down the river off R. Everybody exclaims with wild cheers.)

EVERYBODY. They're off! They're off! Hurrah! Hurrah! Hurrah!

(In the excitement, TUBBY almost falls out of window. He scrambles back.)

TUBBY. *(indignantly)* You're a nice lot! You didn't care if I fell out and got drowned.

(COLTON sits on box L. of C. EVE. turning to him.)

EVE. Why, you couldn't drown, Tubby; you'd

float. (*turning to window*) Who's ahead? Can you make out?

THURS. The English are, I think.

MRS. KEN. They seem to be together.

EDITH. No, the British crew is. Oh, they're getting ahead!

EVE. It isn't so! It isn't so! Oh, yes it is! They're gaining! Oh, why don't they go fast? I—I—

O'HARA. (*dancing around on stage*) Hurrah! I bet on Ameriky! I bet on Harvard!

COLTON. (*seated on box*) How much do you want to bet?

O'HARA. I'm not bettin' with you. I'm just bettin' with meself.

(*COLTON goes up and watches race. As race proceeds he is first pleased, then chagrined, and at the end is in wild rage.*)

EVE. Oh, I didn't know a race was so short!

THURS. More than half way and the Englishmen are ahead.

EDITH. Half a length ahead.

MRS. KEN. Don't you think they're gaining? Don't you think our boys are gaining?

EVE. Oh, they must! They must!

TUBBY. They're creeping up.

EVE. They're beating our boys! I—I wish I were a man!

TUBBY. So do I.

EDITH. Get a move on, boys, get a move on, boys!

TUBBY. Oh, it's all up with us! A whole length ahead.

(*A groan from everybody.*)

THURS. On the last quarter, too.

EVE. Look! Look at Tom! He's going faster—he—they're closing up the gap. They're creeping up!

MRS. KEN. Our boys are creeping up!

EDITH. The coxswain is yelling to them.

TUBBY. What does he say?

EVE. Pull boys, pull, faster. Oh, I wish they would hear me. They've got to win.

EVERYBODY *on BALCONY*. They've got to win.

THURS. Oh, Oh! They're about even! (*cheer from everybody*)

TUBBY. They're almost even.

EDITH. That makes them work. That makes the Englishmen work.

EVE. But our boys are not tired, and they are.

EDITH. Our boys are growing better every minute.

EVE. Oh, such a little way! Pull, boys!

EVERYBODY. (*on and off stage*) Pull, pull, pull! They're ahead! (*cheer, then immediately*) Harvard! Harvard! Harvard! Rah! Rah! Rah! Rah! Rah! Rah! Rah! Rah! Harvard! Harvard!

(*Pistol shot from off R.*)

THURS. They've won!

(*As Harvard wins, everyone on stage starts to sing and dance. COLTON tears across stage and Exits at L. The Orchestra plays "Star Spangled Banner." KENYON down and shouts up at folks on balcony. At height of excitement the crew rushes on from float at R., bearing TOM on their shoulders. As he comes under balcony, EVE. drops flowers on him.*)

CURTAIN No. 1.

(*Curtain rises on picture. Everybody wildly cheering TOM.*)

(*Curtain No. 2.*) *Curtain rises, TOM is off their shoulders, and the boys are pulling him in great delight. In the midst of the excitement, THORNE rushes on from door at L. and seizes TOM by the throat.—MADDEN and CART. tear him away.*)

Positions on Floor.

(KENYON R., BUD R. C., TOM C., MADDEN L. C.,
THORNE L. C., CART. L. *The crowd are above
them, yelling madly.*)

EVERYBODY. What's the matter?

THORNE. This man's a scoundrel and a thief!

EVERYBODY. A thief!

THORNE. Yes, a thief, for he's stolen a woman's
honor—my sister.

TOM. Why, the man's mad!

THORNE. Mad, am I? Can he deny this check?
(*takes check from pocket*) He sends my sister
money. She was trying to cash this check. My
sister!

(MADDEN *takes check, hands it to TOM.*)

MADDEN. Kid!

TOM. (*bewildered*) My check for three hundred
dollars! (*turns and sees KENYON R. Is about to
speak when EVE. calls despairingly*)

EVE. Deny it, Tom! Deny it!

THORNE. Well, why don't you speak?

TOM. I will—but, at the proper time, and place.

CURTAIN.

CURTAIN ON SAME PICTURE.

5TH CURTAIN:—*Everybody on stage, people come
down from balcony.*

6TH CURTAIN:—*Ladies and TOM.*

7TH CURTAIN:—*Gentlemen and TOM.*

8TH CURTAIN:—*EVE. and TOM.*

9TH CURTAIN:—*And after, TOM.*

ACT IV.

SCENE:—*Same as Act I.—It is night, THURSTON, MADDEN, BARNARD, TUBBY, PIERCE, VAN RENSSALAER and TOM are discovered. Everything shows a long session with pipes and drinks. Hazy atmosphere. Siphon and half-emptied glasses, a general disorder about the room. TUBBY is seated in lower R. corner, asleep, and snoring. BARNARD is at L. of desk. MADDEN is seated at R. of desk. THURSTON is seated R. of C. PIERCE is seated at piano. COYNE is seated in Morris chair near window at upper R. When curtain rises TOM is standing with his back to audience in C. of stage, near curtain line. TUBBY snoring heavily, TOM looks across to him.)*

TOM. Poor old Tubby! He's all played out. (TUBBY snores) No, he isn't all played out yet. Better give him a call. He must be uncomfortable.

(PIERCE leans over, shakes TUBBY.)

PIERCE. Tubby, wake up!

(TUBBY grunts and straightens up.)

(TOM walks up stage and down again to C.)

MADDEN. (seated R. of desk) Say, Tom!

TOM. Yes.

MADDEN. I've been thinking, and I know that what I have said to myself is just what the other fellows are thinking. And I'm going to speak right out.

TOM. That's right, Clax.

MADDEN. We don't feel you're being frank with us. This is an ugly thing you're up against, you haven't any right to keep back anything. You not only owe it to yourself, but to your friends to clear

the atmosphere. Why, it's given us all a set-back—it's made us all feel—rotten.

BOYS. Yes, rotten!

MADDEN. Why, it's even taken the pleasure out of our triumph on the river to-day—it's—Oh—it's a regular knock-out.

TUBBY. (*in aggrieved tone*) Yes! It's ruined my appetite. That was a bully feed to-night and I couldn't enjoy it.

(*None of the fellows smile or pay any attention to TUBBY'S remarks, all sit smoking, no change about them except that all the time MADDEN is speaking they have their eyes turned on TOM.*)

MADDEN. We argued with you hours to-night and we won't feel we're any further on than when we started. We feel you ought to speak out.

(*TOM takes two or three turns up and down the room, followed by the boys' anxious eyes.*)

TOM. I have spoken. I've told you that I scarcely know the girl. I don't think I have spoken over a dozen sentences with her in my life.

MADDEN. Yes, I know; but this check. (*taking check from pocket*) Kid, why don't you explain about the check?

(*At this question every fellow takes his pipe from his mouth and waits for TOM'S answer.*)

TOM. (*coming down*) Well, because—I can't. Even to my own satisfaction I can't explain about the check. I can't do it. (*boys all put pipes back in their mouths and smoke furiously, sending up clouds of smoke*) TOM turns from MADDEN and is going up, when THURS. stops him R. of C.)

THURS. Hell, Kid! you're not doing right. I—I know you've been sore, because I used to cut in on you with her, but she, she never cared a hang for me. You were always the main guy there; and it doesn't

seem to me right that you should let her look cheap that way before all the fellows—seems sort of playing fast and loose, an' like you don't appreciate what a devil of a fine thing it was to be number one with a girl like—well, I ain't mentioning any names. (*turns away as TOM puts his arm around him and pats his shoulder in understanding*)

PIERCE. (*L. of desk*) We can't forget that day in your room, Kid; that April Fools' Day. I'm not asking what the girl was doing there. That's your business, but I don't think you ought to deny that you must have known her pretty well.

(THURS. *goes back and sits in his chair.*) (TOM *remains at c.*)

MADDEN. (*turning to PIERCE*) You dry up! The Kid doesn't lie. There's something in this we don't understand. (*to TOM*) Say, Tom, if you had loaned that money to the girl, you'd tell, wouldn't you? There wouldn't be any harm in telling that——

TOM. Now look here, I've told you I can't explain about that check. Why do you continue to question me? Now you kindly cut it out. That settles it. (*goes up and sits on couch at c.*)

(*The Boys rise.*)

MADDEN. (*takes check from table at his side*) It says "to bearer." (*crosses to THURS.*) Here, Thurston, see what you can make out of it. (THURS. *takes check and crosses to his place, intently studying the check.* MADDEN *turns to TOM, and TUBBY and PIERCE return to their seats*) On the level, Kid, did she strike you for a loan?

TOM. No, no! Nothing like that at all.

ELLIS. (*seated on piano stool at R. c. up*) Look here, Tom. I never meant to speak about this, but I want to force your hand. I saw you a couple of weeks ago, in the yard right outside my window, talking to that girl, and her brother came out and

kicked up a row about something. I'd never have thought of it again if this hadn't happened.

MADDEN. It looks bad, Tom. It looks bad. (Tom is shaking his head when a knock comes to the door.)

TOM. Come in.

(KENYON enters and stands at door. He is haggard-looking and worn.)

KEN. I saw a light. I thought you might be alone.

TOM. No, come in. (KEN. closes door—boys ignore him) You look fagged. Have a drink?

(TOM rises and crosses to sideboard. KEN sits on couch at c.)

KEN. Yes. I've been up all night. I couldn't sleep.

TOM. I've given all my friends a bad night, it seems. I'm very sorry. (crosses to KEN. with a drink) There's a bracer for you. Have some water in it? You've nothing to worry about. (crosses to window at r.) Or to feel particularly anxious about.

(throws curtains aside, flooding the room with sun-hats.)

(Boys rise, stretch and yawn.)

TUBBY. Why, it's morning. Oh! We've sat up all night. Say! Let's all go down to Rammy's and get a hot dog. (goes up stage at l.)

(ELLIS and BARNARD cross from r. to l. for their hats.)

BOYS. That's so. All right. Let's go. Where's my hat?

(General commotion as THURSTON jumps up suddenly.)

THURS. I've got it! This check is a forgery.

(KEN. *drops his glass. TOM steps in front of him to screen it.*)

TOM. (*coming down c.*) Well! You needn't yell so loud.

MADDEN and THURSTON. Kid, is it? Is that why—

(*Sharp, quick knock at door R.*)

TOM. Come in.

(CART. *Enters hurriedly and comes down c. to TOM.*)

CART. Brown, Thorne's coming here. He means trouble. You've got to get away. I've done all I could. I've spent the whole night with him, but he won't listen to reason. I tell you the fellow's crazed. Don't stand there like that, man.

TOM. What do you want me to do? Run?

(*Sharp, quick knock.*)

Come in.

(THORNE *opens the door R. He looks around a moment, quickly closes door and makes a bee-line for TOM. THURS. at R. comes forward, as THORNE passes CART. at c., and CART. passes behind him and crosses to R. to THURS. MADDEN crosses to c. to intercept THORNE, when TOM springs forward and throws MADDEN back to L. C. ELLIS and PIERCE cross and stand up behind THORNE and MADDEN. TUBBY stands R. of desk with BARNARD. TOM is at c. THORNE at R. of c. THURS. and CART. R. of THORNE, MADDEN and TUBBY L. of c.*)

TOM. Madden, you stand back, this is my row.

(MADDEN *stands back. TOM slowly measures THORNE.*)

Thorne, I swear to you I am not guilty of the thing of which you accuse me.

THORNE. (*tensely*) The money? Why did you give my sister money?

TOM. *I gave her no money.*

THORNE Don't quibble with me! But you gave her a check. You're a liar and a scoundrel, and I'm going to treat you the way we do thieves down in my country! (*He reaches for pistol in his pocket, as MADDEN steps to him in front and CART. catches him behind.*)

CART. Thorne, he's helping you through college!

(*Dead silence.*)

THORNE. (*slowly*) So it was blood-money! (*TOM turns away*) Oh, God! Take from me all the knowledge I have gained from this man! May my brain be withered—

TOM. (*springing to c.*) Stop! Stop! Now you listen to me! I'm tired of being bullied. I'm tired of having you sit in judgment on me. Now you've got to listen to me, and you've got to believe what I say. I tell you, my record's clean. I've never done a low trick in all my life. You, Madden, my room-mate for four years, you ought to be ashamed of yourself! And you, Thurston, and you, and the rest of you. I tell you you've got to stop sitting in judgment on me. I can't explain about the check and I'm not going to say anything more about it either, but every man in this room has got to say he believes me, or Damnation and Hell! I'll fight the whole damned crowd of you. (*takes off coat, throws it on ground at his feet. There is a moment of amazed silence*)

THORNE. (*R. of c.*) I don't know what to think. My sister denies it is you. I'll wait. (*turns from TOM and slowly scans the faces present*) I'll wait. (*goes up to door, opens door quickly and exits.*)

(*Deep silence is maintained until TOM takes his coat from the floor, which is a signal for the boys for a pent-up outburst.*)

MADDEN. Oh, the devil!—give me a drink.
(*crosses to sideboard L.*)

BOYS. Yes, let's all have a drink. (*they all cross for drink, with general confusion*)

(THURS. to window R. CART. to door R.)

TUBBY. What I say is, if we all go down to Rammy's and get some coffee and a hot dog, we'd all feel better for it. (*crosses to door, opens it*)

BOYS. Fine, Tubby! Yes, that's so. Come along.

(*They all make general exit. KENYON starts to follow. TOM quickly blocks him and pushes him back.*)

TOM. I'm sorry for what happened to-night.

MADDEN. (*turning at door, to TOM*) Aren't you coming, Kid?

TOM. (*looking at KEN., who stands at desk*) No, I've got a theme to finish. I'll meet you at nine o'clock.

(MADDEN exits, and THURS. takes his hat and follows and is in the hallway when TOM calls him back.)

TOM. Thurston—Thurston!

(THURS. turns and comes back.)

(TOM advances to him and extends his hand. They shake and look at each other for a moment.)

(THURS. Exits.)

(TOM closes door, standing with his back against it, looking at KEN.)

KEN. (*R. of desk*) Well, what have you to say?

TOM. Kenyon, I don't know what to say to you, for I don't think we understand the same language. Now look here, don't you misunderstand my actions in this matter. I'm not trying to shield you. I'm

not even sorry for you; but I'm sorry for your good mother and your sister, and I'll destroy this check for them. (*takes check from pocket, tears it and crosses to L., throwing check in waste basket*) There, that's wiped out. Now I don't ask you why you did it, because I don't give a damn. But what I do ask you is, what are you going to do about that girl? What are you going to do about her? (*sits L. of desk.*)

(*KEN. comes down, sits R. of desk.*)

KEN. Tom—I—I know it was a low thing about that check—I—I—was so hard pressed—but the girl—I can't marry her—other fellows wouldn't—

TOM. Other fellows wouldn't? What kind of fellows are you talking about? Wilfred, I'm no saint, but if a girl—young, pure and innocent, which Miss Thorne is—were to put her love for me on one side, and the opinion of the world on the other, I'd stick to that girl through Hell-fire, for I'd know that she loved me, and nothing she might gain in all the world except that love I could give her. You're ashamed about that check because the rotten standards of our world have made it a worse thing for a so-called gentleman to steal money than to steal a woman's heart,—something, Wilfred, that all the money in the world can't buy back again. I tell you, that girl, with her purity and devotion, is a queen. She's much too good to be thrown away on a deuce-spot like you.

KEN. Oh, Kid, you're right. I'm rotten clean through. I'm worse than you think. That girl's leaving town was nothing! I never intended even to follow her—I—did it for Colton. He promised to pay my debts—he didn't want Thorne to row.

TOM. You—you—

KEN. Oh, Tom! Don't look at me like that. I'd rather you'd strike me. You can't know what it meant to me your winning that race. I never saw

myself as I was, I never realized the awful thing I was doing until it was too late, and all my low rotten life passed before me. I prayed that you'd win as I never prayed before. Oh, I know it's hard to believe after what I have told you. I've been playing the game wrong. Kid, if I'm given but one chance I'll start all over again.

TOM. (*leaning over desk to KEN.*) Ah, but you're weak! I can't trust you. Will you, Wilfred, will you try?

KEN. So help me!

TOM. Try, and I'll help you all I can. (*knock at door*) Come in. (*no response*) Wait a moment, Wilfred. (*crosses and opens door.* MRS. KEN. *enters*) Good morning, Mrs. Kenyon. Wilfred, your mother is here. (*closes door as MRS. KEN. comes down to WILFRED L. C.*)

MRS. KEN. Why, Wilfred! (*takes his hand.* KEN. *crosses up to C. a step and MRS. KEN. to R. of desk, then turning to TOM*) Tom——

TOM. (*coming down to C. R.*) Yes, Mrs. Kenyon.

MRS. KEN. I presume Wilfred has come to you on the same errand which brings me here. I couldn't sleep last night after that terrible scene in the boat-house. Oh, Tom, what does it mean? Why did you send that girl away? Why did she have your check? How could you, when we all loved you so? How could you have broken our hearts like this? Surely, if anything could have kept a man straight, it should have been the pure heart that was yours, the young soul that believed in you. Oh, Tom; you have broken my daughter's heart! (*sinking into chair, weeping*)

KEN. (*up C.*) Mother, don't—don't! (*coming down to her*) Mother, it was I that gave that check to Marian Thorne. (*falls sobbing at her feet, with his head buried in her lap*)

(MRS. KEN., *astonished, looks at TOM, then raises*

WILFRED, looking at him a moment, lifting his face and then clasps him in her arms.)

MRS. KEN. Wilfred—Wilfred!

(Door R. opens and EVELYN and MADDEN enter, EVE. looking at TOM as she enters.)

EVE. Mother.

TOM. Good morning.

(EVE. goes down to her mother. WILFRED turns up stage a bit, and MADDEN crosses L. behind desk.)

EVE. Mr. Madden has told me that check was a forgery.

MRS. KEN. Forgery?

TOM. No, no. I gave the check to Wilfred, and he loaned it to the girl who is to become his wife.

(WILFRED crosses to TOM and shakes his hand, then up to door at R. MRS. KENYON crosses to TOM at R. C., and EVE. turns up stage to her brother.)

MRS. KEN. Forgive me, Tom, forgive me. (taking his hand)

TOM. Why, there's nothing to forgive, Mrs. Kenyon, nothing.

(MRS. KENYON goes to WILFRED, putting her arm around him, they Exit R. U. E. MADDEN is behind desk at L. and EVE. up stage at C., and TOM going up after MRS. KEN. turns to EVE.)

TOM. Kind of warm, isn't it?

(Motions to MADDEN to get out, and MADDEN steals on tip-toe to and exits into his room L. TOM turns to EVE. as she turns to him, both about to speak, and becoming embarrassed; business repeated; then TOM indicates chair at C., inviting her to sit. As she stands in doubt, TOM crosses

and is going to desk when EVE. follows him, about to speak, when he turns, and to his delight finds her at his shoulder. He turns again to L. and stands at desk L., taking a pack of cards and looking through them. EVE. looks at him a moment, turns and exits at R., slamming door behind her. As door slams he drops cards, turns in astonishment and sits in chair at R. of desk. Quartette is heard off R. singing "When Love is Young." TOM takes hat and book from desk, and slowly goes up to door. As he opens door his back is turned, and EVE. is revealed standing behind door. TOM, lingering, looks around room, and as he turns beholds EVELYN.)

TOM. Evelyn!

(With glad cry she rushes into his arms, and they embrace.)

CURTAIN.

DEC 15 1909

1 COPY. DEL TO CAT
DEC 15 1909

(124722)

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS



0 018 395 662 0

